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EDITED AND COMPILED

—BY—

JAMES R. MURRAY.

THE

SONGS

—OF—

P. P. BLISS

What Shall the Harvest Be.

HOLD the FORT.

A COLLECTION OF FAVORITE & POPULAR

SACRED AND SECULAR

SONGS, DUETTS AND QUARTETTES,

COMPOSED BY THE

Famous Gospel Singer.

PUBLISHED BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS, CLEVELAND.

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by

Estate
of
Professor
H. Gordon Skilling

G. H. Pattrell

Dana B. Skilling

Mr. Pattrell was my "vegetable" man in Hanover, N.H. He came to the house twice a week in the summer. His ancestors were Hugenots and his farm near Norwich, Vt. had been in the family since 1776.

I bought this book (and another) at the auction of his farm in 1958 or so. Also bought small oil lamp.

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L. F. CONNELL, Music Printer, Cleveland, O.

P. P. BLISS.

Born in Clearfield County, Penn. July 9, 1838.

Perished, with his wife, at Ashtabula, O. Dec. 29, 1876.

It was the good fortune of the Editor of this Memorial Volume, to know the Author of its music intimately for many years. We became connected with the publishing house of Root & Cady at about the same time and our relations continued in a business way up to the time of the "Great Fire," and always from the beginning of our acquaintance up to that terrible night of his death our friendship was uninterrupted and pleasant.

Mr. Bliss was possessed of a remarkable voice as to purity, richness and compass. His first use of it in a public way, was the giving of what he termed "Parlor Concerts," in which he was assisted by his wife and a gentleman friend, a Mr. Towner, we believe. It was with a desire to provide suitable songs and ballads on fresh subjects for use at these concerts that first induced him to "try his hand" at composing. The success which these first attempts met with at his concerts induced him to send a few melodies to Dr. Geo. F. Root, a gentlemen quick to discern merit however crude the form it may first be presented to him in. The Dr. arranged the songs, published them and thus began a correspondence and friendship which resulted in Mr. Bliss' removing to Chicago and connecting himself with the firm of which Dr. Root was then the senior partner. For nearly, or quite ten years, Mr. Bliss was engaged in Conducting Musical Conventions and "Institutes," working in the interest of the house above referred to. Mr. Bliss was unusully fertile in versification, and most of his reports to the house came in the form of poems, humorous and otherwise, written for the Song Messenger, a Musical Monthly issued by the firm. The verses and "journals" and many of his songs were published under the *Nom de plume* of Pro Phundo Basso, the initials of these words being also the initials of his own name.

Just before the great fire in Chicago Mr. Bliss withdrew from the convention field in order to give his whole time to the writing of Sunday School and Gospel Songs, and to the singing of them in Sunday School Institutes and

Gospel Meeting. He became associated with D. W. Whittle of Chicago, in the same way that Mr. Sankey is now associated with D. L. Moody, the Evangelist. He entered with enthusiasm into the work, giving his whole time, talent and energy to his new calling. In a conversation with the writer the last time we were together, (we were then riding, with our wives, near the scene of the disaster in which he was killed) he said he believed that all his previous musical work as public singer and convention leader &c., had been given him by the Lord as simply *preparatory* to this new work to which he believed himself called. In a letter written a short time before his death, he said that in going into the work of an Evangelist he had taken two C's as his motto: Concentration and Consecration, and this will explain in some measure, the success that crowned his efforts.

The law of contrasts was admirably exemplified in him. He was brilliantly witty and enjoyed a joke with the relish of a true soul, and yet could be so tender and touching, that he could move others at will, and quite as readily be moved in turn to tears or laughter. He was indeed as Dr. Root writes of him, "noble and true hearted."

We who have known and loved him shall miss him; All who have sung and been helped by his music shall seek in vain for his like among the living; thousands who have listened to his pleadings in song for a better life for them, and who have thus been helped to that better life will gratefully remember the sweet singer, and in the hearts of all who have known him in any way he will long be "remembered by what he has done."

The song is not ended; the singer is singing still. Our ears may be too dull to catch the music, our eyes too dim to see the form of him whom we loved. Life is not done for him, it is only changed. Out of the cold and storm and fire of Ashtabula, he has gone to the goodly land that is beyond Jordan; to the Land of blessed songs and blessed singers, to more active life and wider fields of usefulness, to which life and land I pray we all may come some day; to which life and land we all some day shall come if we go on as our Brother did, duty doing all the way.

James R. Murray.

THE SONGS OF P. P. BLISS.

SWEETLY, SOFTLY.

P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.

Sweet - ly, soft - ly at the mid - night,

pp

Float - ing through the si - lent air, Mu - sic min - gles

si-lent air,

Floating thro' the si - lent air, Music min-gles

with the moonlight, Borne by zeph-yrs from a - far;

with the moonlight,

BASE SOLO.

Oh, how thrilling! yet so faint - ly That no word the mu-sic bears,

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SWEETLY, SOFTLY.—Continued.

TENOR SOLO.

rit.

'Tis the dis - tant ech-oes on - ly, An-gels sing-ing 'mong the stars.

We are com - ing wea-ry watch - er, An - gels

We are com - ing, wea - ry watch-er,

from the crystal shore, And we'll sweet - ly sing to

An-gels from the crys-tal shore, And we'll sweetly

geth - er When your gloomy night ..... is o'er, ...

rit.

sing to-geth - er When your gloomy night is o'er, ...

Soprano.

Fainter, faint - er, grew the ech - oes, Dimmer shone the si - lent

SWEETLY, SOFTLY.—Continued.

Alto.

stars, Blu - er grew the li - quid e - ther, Heav - en

rit. *Soprano and Alto.*

closed its gold-en bars.... They had en - tered through the

port - als, Of the jew - eled pear - ly dome.... And the

SWEETLY, SOFTLY.—Concluded.

rit.

song was lost to mor - tals, For the an - gels were at home.

rit.

slow.

They had en - tered thro' the por - tals, Of the jew - eled

Of the jew - eled

pear - ly dome, And the song was lost to mor-tals,

pear-ly dome,

pear - ly dome.

rit.

For the an-gels were at home, Yes, the an - gels were at home.

HE'S GONE.

This beautiful Quartet was written by Mr. Bliss in memory of the late Wm. B. Bradbury and is now republished as being specially appropriate to the memory of the lamented author.

P. P. BLISS.

Adagio.

He's gone, He's gone, Gone to the "Si - lent Land."

1. O - ver the "Riv - er of Death," .....
2. Close by the "Great.... White Throne,".....

1. O - ver the Riv - er, The "Riv - er of Death,"
2. Close by the Throne, The "Great White Throne,"

In - to the "Si - lent Land," Glad are the "Heaven-ly
"Thousands of chil - dren stand," "Welcome, Oh welcome" they

In - to the "Si - lent Land," Glad are the "Heaven-ly
"Thousands of chil - dren stand," "Welcome, Oh welcome" they

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HE'S GONE.—Continued.

Choirs,"..... Sad is our "Pil - grim Band."
sing, ... Home to the "Beau - ti - ful Land."

"Heav-en - ly Choirs," Sad is our "Pil - grim Band."
wel-come they sing, Home to the "Beau - ti - ful Land."

Safe on' the "Ev - er - green Shore,".....
"March-ing a - long" on our way,.....

Safe on the "Ev - er - green, "Ev - er - green Shore,"
"March-ing a - long" on our way, On our way,

Join-ing the glad "Ju - bi - lee," "Wel-come," the bright angels
Pil-grims and strangers we roam, Soon shall we join the glad

Join-ing the glad "Ju - bi - lee," "Welcome," the bright angels,
Pil-grims and strangers we roam, Soon shall we join the glad

say,..... "White Robes are wait - ing for thee."
throng,..... Soon shall be "Rest - ing at Home."

Bright an-gels say, "White Robes are wait - ing for thee."
Join the glad throng, Soon shall be "Rest - ing at Home."

"Wel - come" the bright an - gels say,.....
Soon shall we join the glad throng,.....

"Wel - come" the bright an - gels, Bright an - gels say,
Soon shall we join the glad, Join the glad throng,

HE'S GONE.—Concluded.

"White Robes are wait - ing for thee."....
Soon shall be "Rest - ing at Home." . . *

"White Robes are wait - ing for thee."....
Soon shall be "Rest - ing at Home."..... *

In Repeat sing second verse.

* *Second time from here to Coda.*

Coda.

Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home, O how sweet it will be

there to meet The dear ones all at home, *pp* O how sweet it will be

ritard.

there to meet The dear ones all at home.

'TIS THE HEART MAKES THE HOME.

P. P. BLISS

1. 'Tis the heart makes the home, Ev - er bright - ly to

2. 'Tis the heart makes the home, Though a - far we may

bloom; Tis the heart, tis the heart makes the home. Through the

roam; Tis the heart, tis the heart makes the home. How we

dark weary day, Or in Joy's milder ray; Tis the heart, tis the heart makes the

turn from the new, To the old tried and true; Tis the heart, tis the heart makes the

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'TIS THE HEART MAKES THE HOME.—Concluded.

Fine.

home. Though hum-ble and poor, Is my cot on the moor, The love-

home. No halls of the gay, Let them lure as they may, Ev - er

light bright-ly beams thro' the gloom; Though storms gath-er round, Purest

charm while the heart longs for home; We laugh o'er our fears, And we

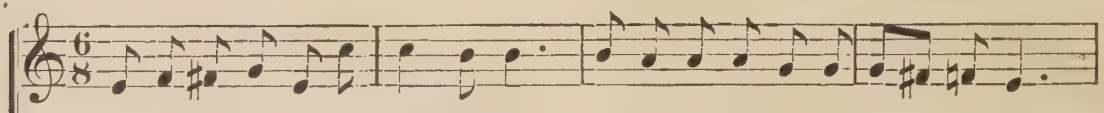
D. C.

joys here are found, And I turn, fond-ly turn to my home.

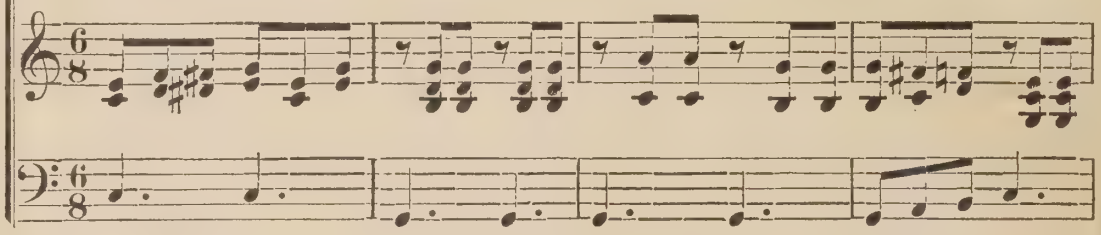
smile through our tears, Still the home of the heart whispers, "come."

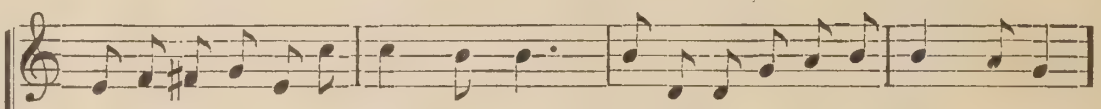
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

P. P. BLISS.

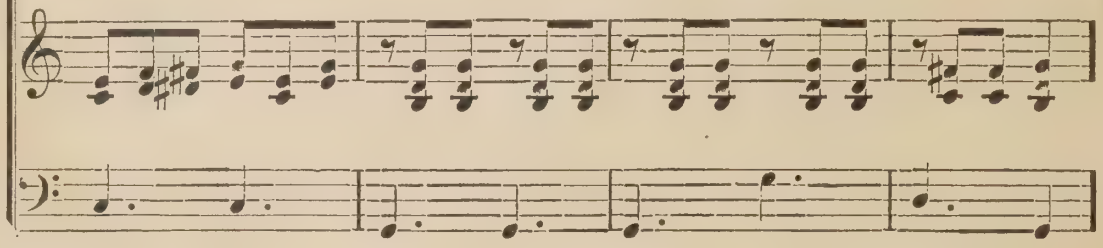


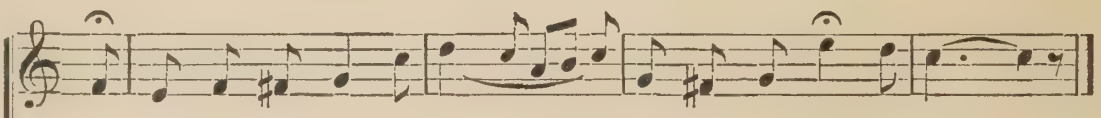
1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rock to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed o a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,



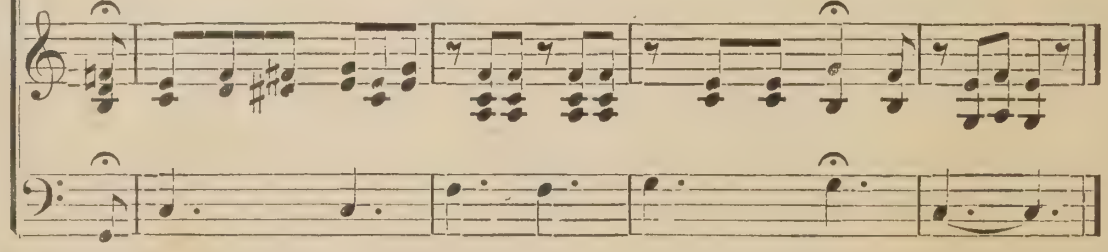


Sowing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter-nal shame;
Sowing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gather the harvest home;





Oh, what shall the harvest be?..... Oh, what shall the harvest be?....



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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - ness or sown..... in the

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might..... Gath - ered in

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in

time or e - ter - - ni - ty,

time or e - ter - ni - - ty,.....

sure,..... ah, sure.... will the har - vest be.....

Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har - vest be.

har - vest be.....

LORA VALE.

P. P. BLISS.

Tenderly.

Tenderly.

1. Calm-ly fell the sil - ver moon-light O - ver hill and o - ver dale, As with mourn - ful hearts we lin - gered By the couch of Lo - ra Vale. She was dy - ing, gen - tle
2. Brightly dawned the morrow's morn-ing O - ver hill and o - ver dale, Still with mourn - ful hearts we lin - gered By the side of Lo - ra Vale. She was al - most at the
3. Soft - ly through the trel-lised win-dow Came the west wind's gen - tle breath, But she heed - ed not its mild - ness, For she slept the sleep of death; And be - yond the sil - ver

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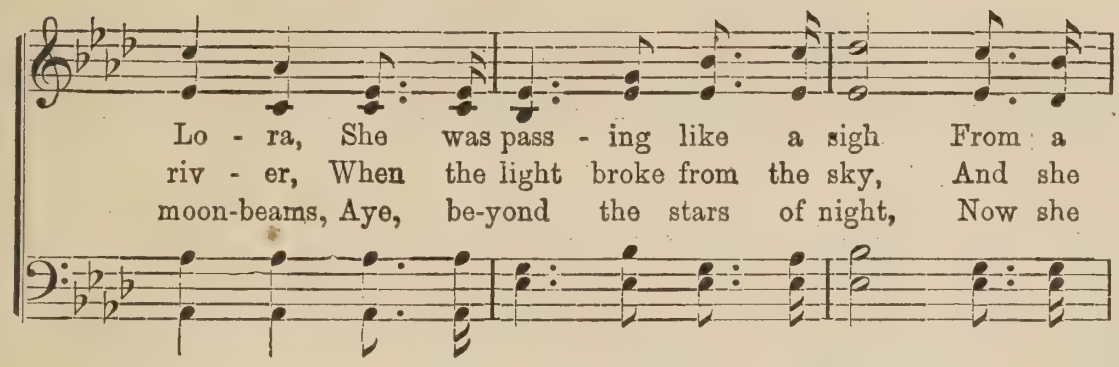
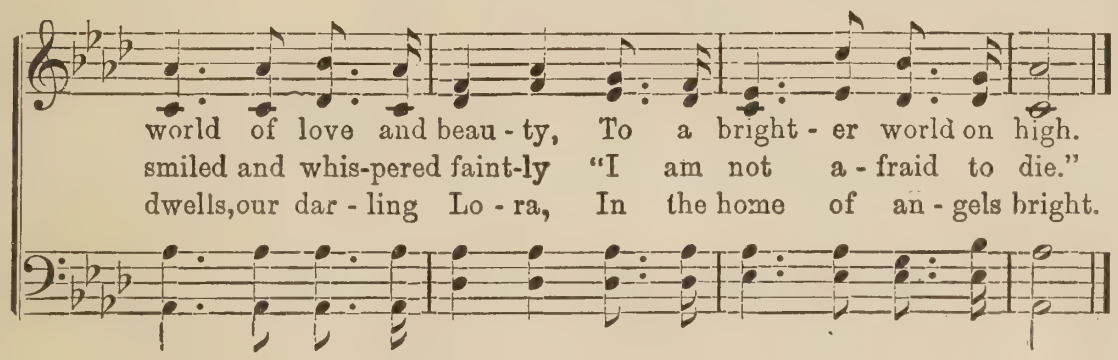
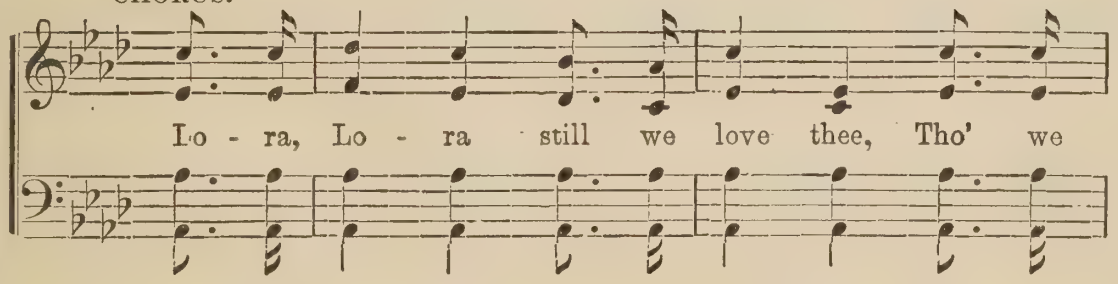
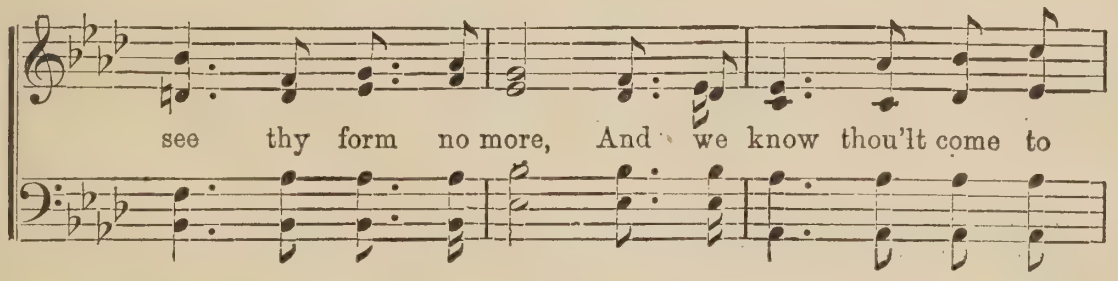
LORA VALE.—Concluded.

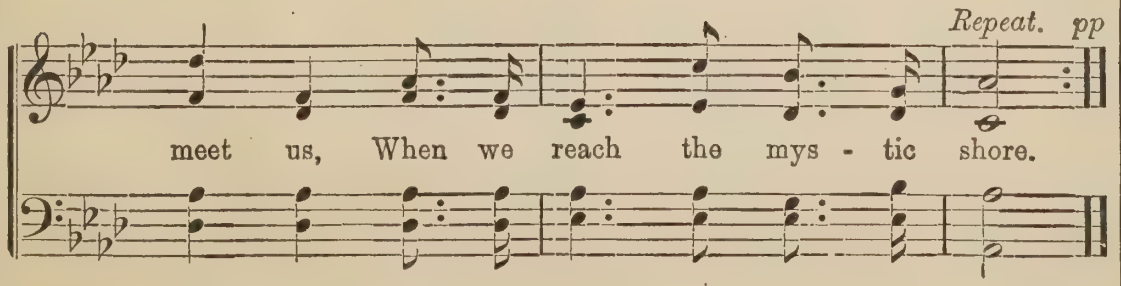




CHORUS.







BRAVE BATTERY BOYS.

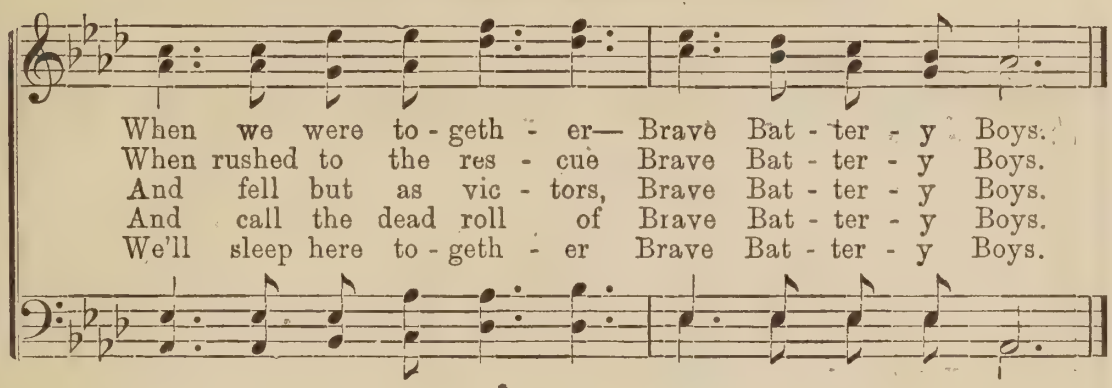
Words by PAULINA. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.
2d Bass.

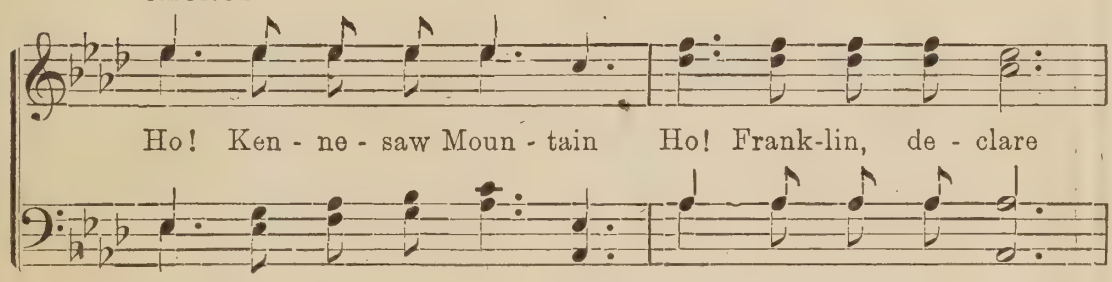
1. We come with reversed arms, O com - rades who sleep, To rear the proud mar - ble— to muse and to weep, To speak of the dark days that yet had their joys, When we were to - geth - er— Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,
2. Our hearts will re-call them, the scenes where ye bled, Where life rushed a - way in the tor - rent of red: Where Mis - sion Ridge ech - oed the bat - tle's fierce joys, When rushed to the res - cue Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,
3. We may not live o - ver each glo - ry crown'd day, When brave - ly ye bat - tled and won in the fray; When proud - ly ye sport - ed the grand bat - tle toys, And fell but as vic - tors, Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,
4. We come, O! be-lov - ed to gar - land your tomb, To twine 'round the mar - ble the spring's fresh - est bloom; To speak of a Past that no Pres - ent de - stroys, And call the dead roll of Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,
5. O! brave Twenty Six, when the wea - ry shall rest, When o - ver our slum - bers the sod shall be prest; When sweet - ly for - get - ful of all that an - noys, We'll sleep here to - geth - er Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,

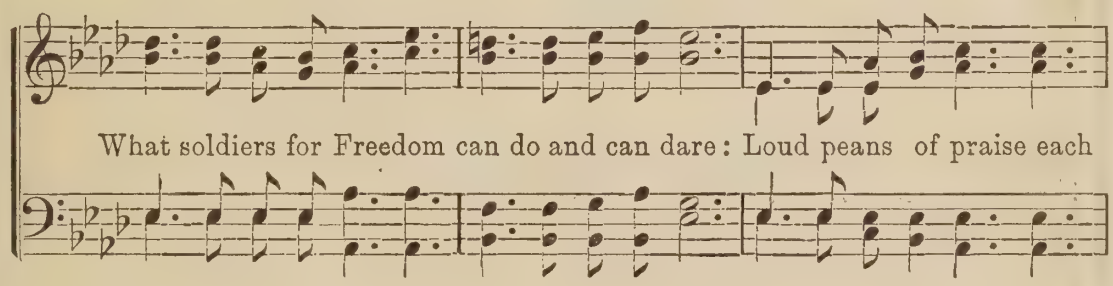
Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1870 by Root & Cady in the clerks office of District Court for Northern Ill.

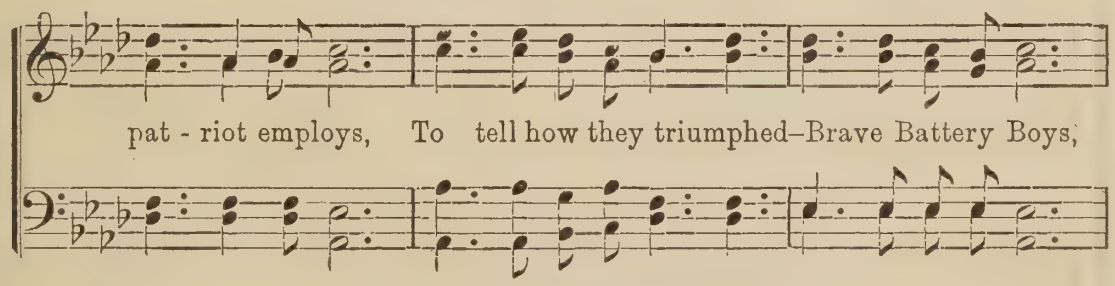
BRAVE BATTERY BOYS.—Concluded.

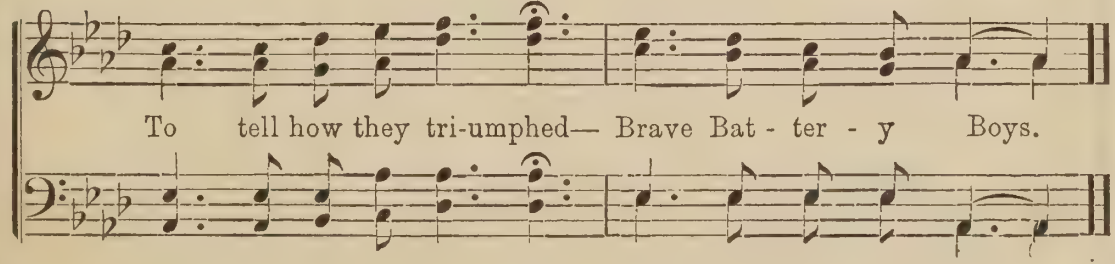


CHORUS









THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

P. P. BLISS.

1. The temp'rance ship is sail-ing on, Sail-ing on, Sail-ing on, The
2. The mountain waves are roll-ing high, Roll-ing high, Roll-ing high, The
3. A-rise, young man for you must fight, You must fight, You must fight, A -
4. Ho, friends of temp'rance, firmly stand, Firm-ly stand, Firmly stand, Ho,
5. We see the blinded rush a-long, Rush a-long, Rush a-long, We

temp'rance ship is sail-ing on, Tho' an-gry bil-lows roar, To
mountain waves are roll-ing high, The pi-rate fleet is strong, We
rise, young man for you must fight, A foe that seems a friend, The
friends of temp'rance, firmly stand, To meet the dar-ing foe. For
see the blind-ed rush a-long, The broad and downward way. Then

bless the world she's sail-ing on, Sail-ing on, Sail-ing on, To
call for men to do or die, Do or die, Do or die, We
well worn way that seemeth right, Seemeth right, Seemeth right, The
God, for Truth, for Na-tive land, Na-tive land, Na-tive land, For
raise at least a prayer or song, Prayer or song, Prayer or song, Then

bless the world she's sail-ing on, To reach a fair-er shore.
call for men to do or die, To crush the migh-ty wrong.
well worn way that seem-eth right, A-las! in death doth end.
God, for Truth, for Na-tive land, We dare to strike the blow.
raise at least a prayer or song, To save them while we may.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1871 by Root & Cady in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, ral - ly, free - man, ral - ly, Do you

hear the fear-ful cry? 'Tis the solemn wail of warning from the

drunkard doomed to die, 'Tis the prayer of wife and moth-er, 'tis the

shriek of an-guish wild, "Will you help a fall-ing brother, will you

pp

save my dar-ling child? Will you save my dar - ling child?

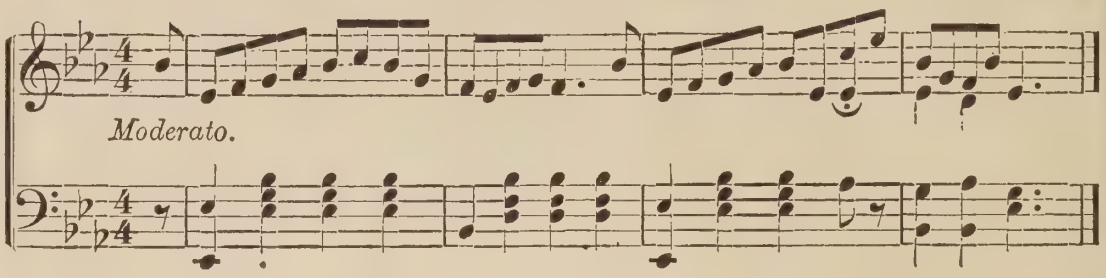
pp

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

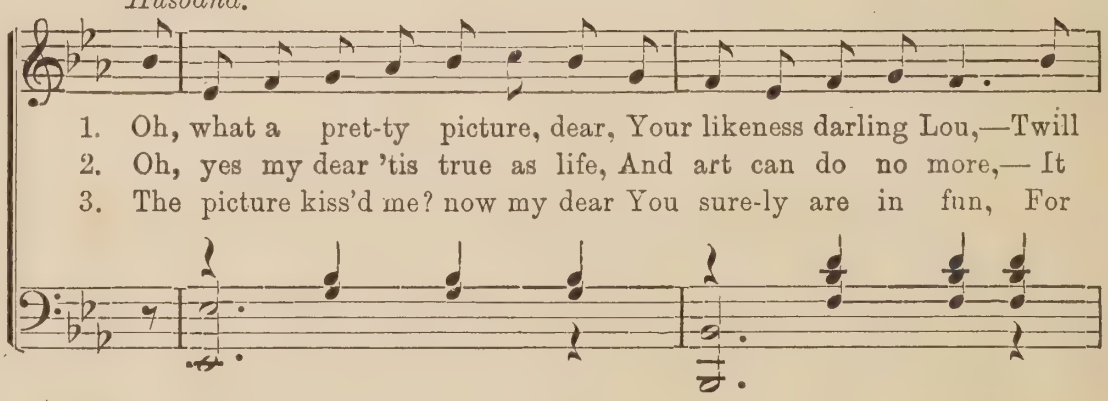
OR

Not at all Like Me.

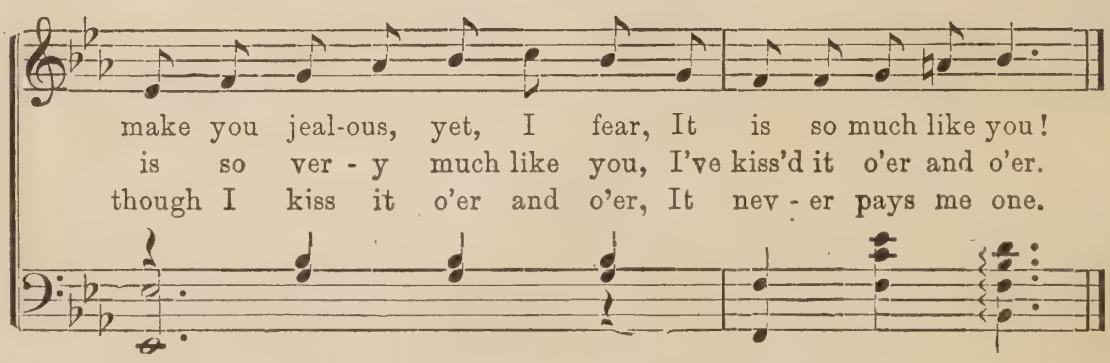
P. P. BLISS.



Husband.

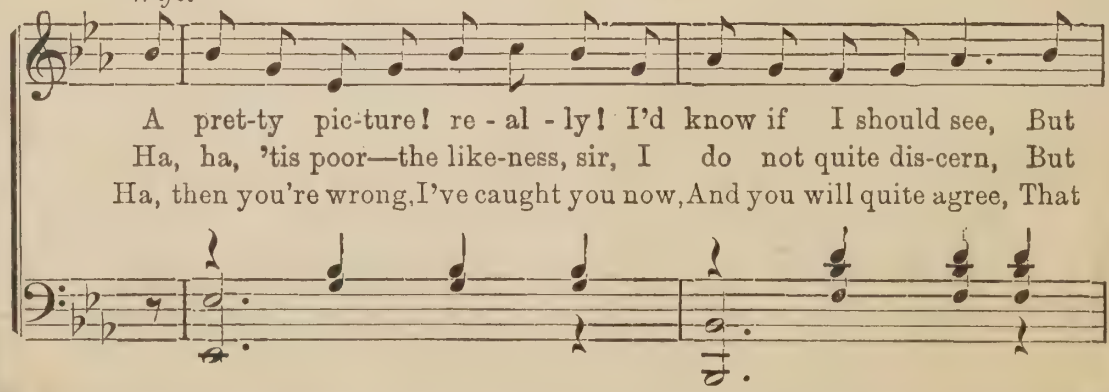


1. Oh, what a pret-ty picture, dear, Your likeness darling Lou,—Twill
2. Oh, yes my dear 'tis true as life, And art can do no more,— It
3. The picture kiss'd me? now my dear You sure-ly are in fun, For



make you jeal-ous, yet, I fear, It is so much like you!
is so ver - y much like you, I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er.
though I kiss it o'er and o'er, It nev - er pays me one.

Wife.



A pret-ty pic-ture! re - al - ly! I'd know if I should see, But
Ha, ha, 'tis poor—the like-ness, sir, I do not quite dis-cern, But
Ha, then you're wrong, I've caught you now, And you will quite agree, That

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THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Concluded.

if 'tis ver - y pret - ty, why, It can't look much like me!
tell me, pray, can you e'er say It kiss'd you in re - turn?
if it nev - er kiss - es back, 'Tis not at all like me.

DUET, to be sung after 1st and 3d verses.

Wife.

Not at all like me, not at all like me, Oh the

Husband.

'Tis like you, as all can see, 'tis like you, as all can see, Oh, the

like-ness I don't see, Tho' 'tis true, tho' 'tis bright,

like-ness you must see. so true, so bright, so

tho' 'tis beau - ti - ful, Tho' 'tis true, tho' 'tis bright, tho' 'tis

bright, so beau - ti - ful, So true, so bright, so

beau - ti - ful, Oh, 'tis not, 'tis not at all like me.

beau - ti - ful, 'Tis like you as all can see.

HOLD THE FORT.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the migh - ty host ad-vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow,
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle ra - ges, But our Help is near:

Re - in-force-ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!
Migh - ty men a - round us fall - ing, Cour-age al - most gone.
In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - ery foe.
On - ward comes our Great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my comrades cheer!

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,

Wave the an - swer back to Heaven, 'By Thy grace we will.'

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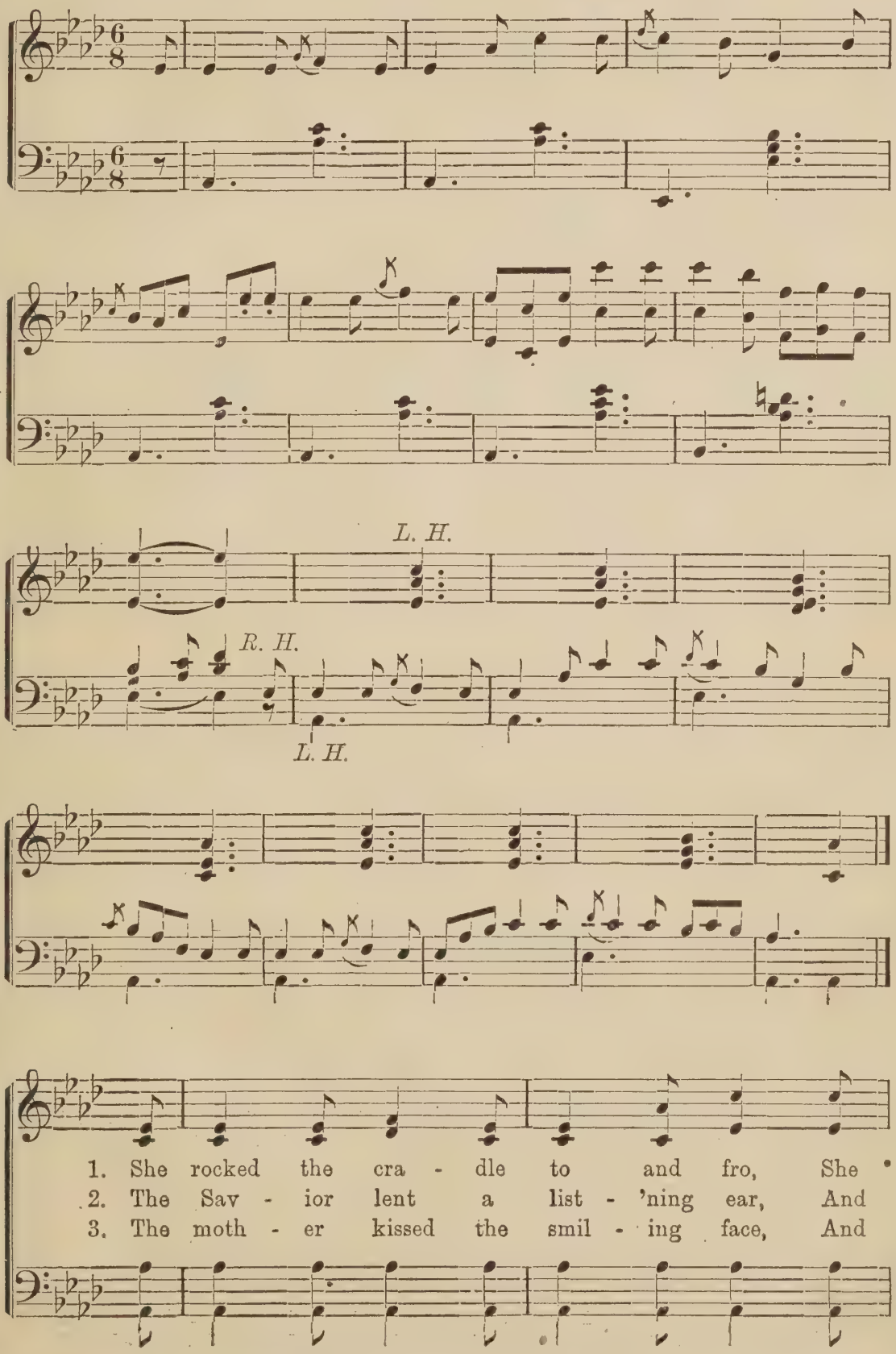
BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.

Words by Miss MAGGIE WARREN. Music by P. P. BLISS.



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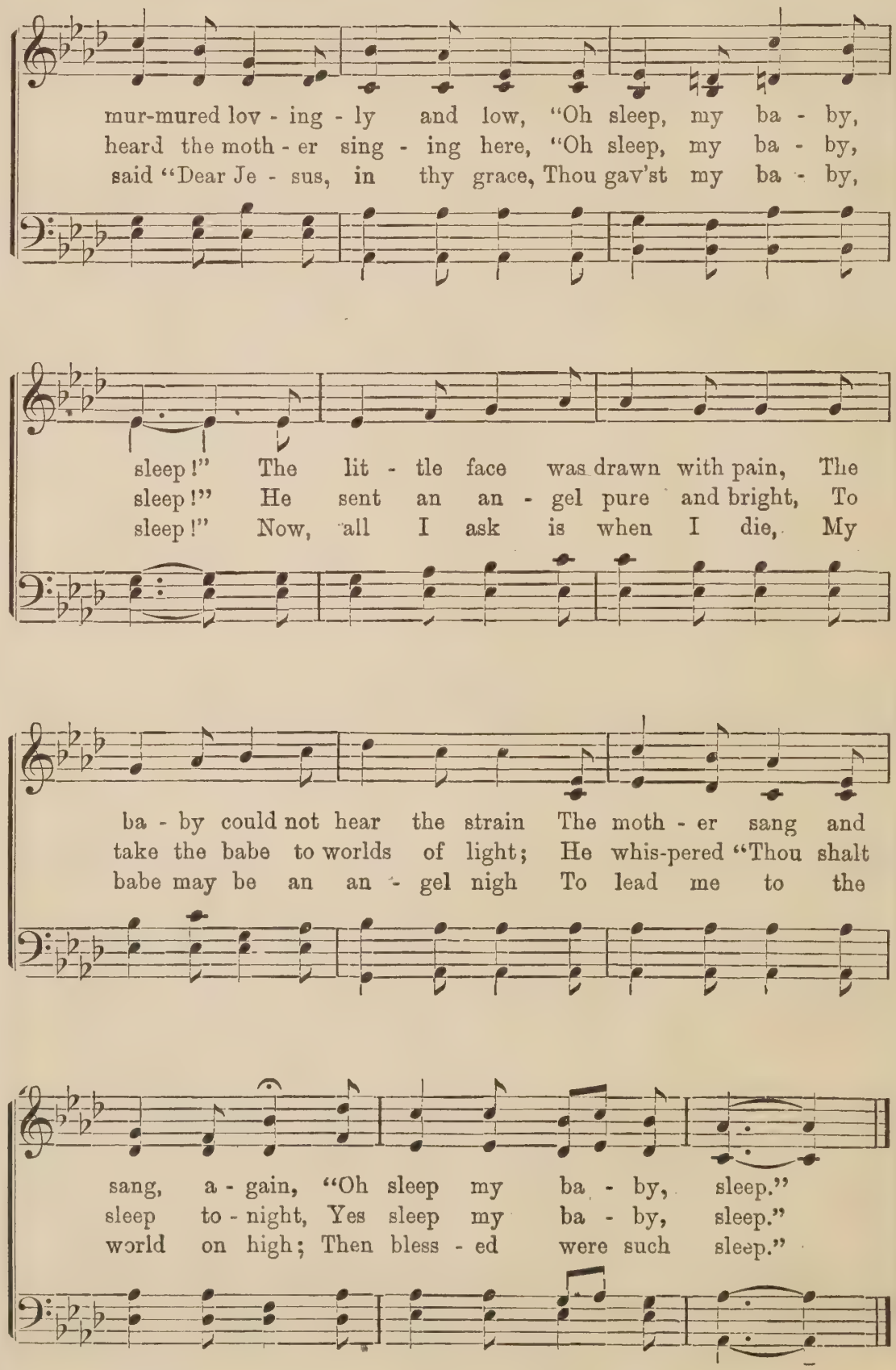
BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.—Continued.



BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then sleep, ba - by sleep,.... ba - by

sleep, ba - by

sleep, ba - by sleep, The moth - er sang and

sleep, ba - by sleep, The moth - er sang and

sang a - gain, "Oh. sleep, my ba - by

sang a - gain, "Oh, sleep, my ba - by

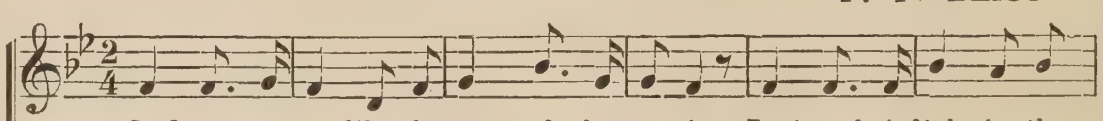
sleep,..... sleep, ba - by, ba - by sleep.

ba - by sleep, sleep ba - by sleep.....

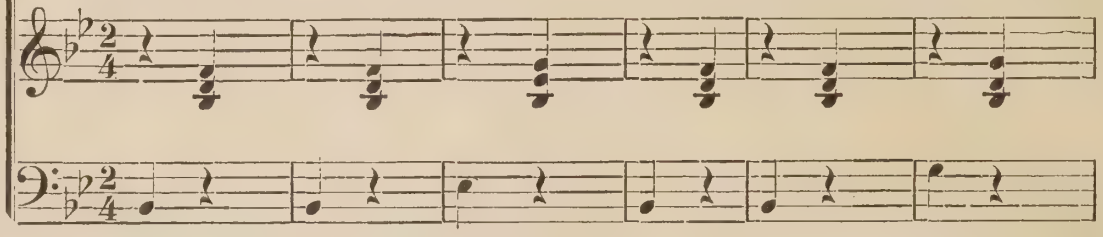
sleep,..... sleep, ba - by, ba - by sleep.

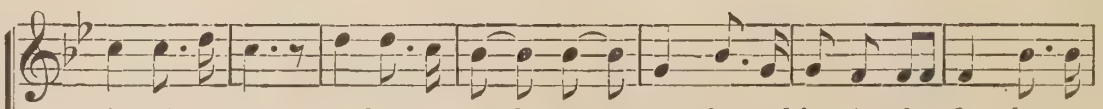
REMEMBERED.

P. P. BLISS.

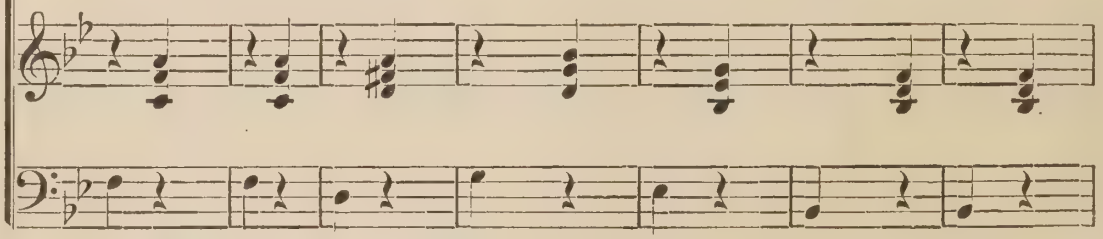


1. Fad-ing a-way, like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the
2. So let my name, and my place be forgotten, On - ly my life race be
3. So in the harvest, if oth - ers may gather, Sheaves from the fields that in
4. Fad-ing a-way, like the stars of the morning, So let my name be un -

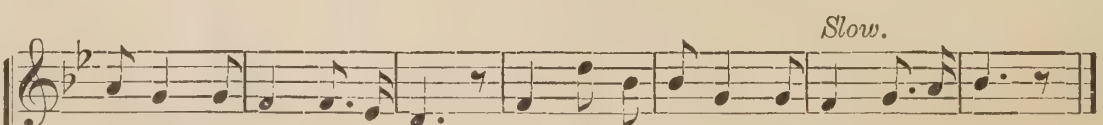




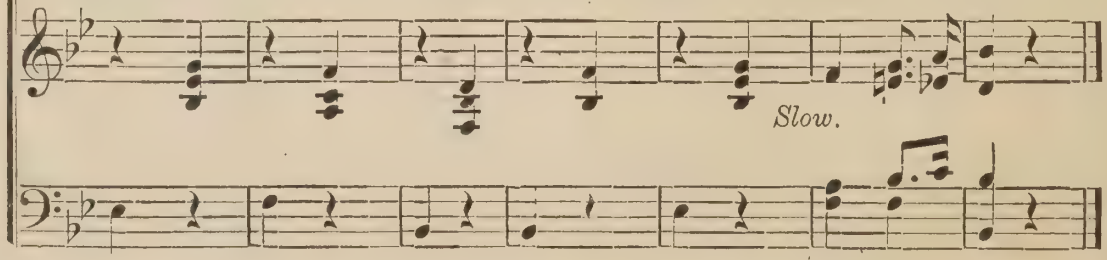
glo - ri-ous sun; So let me steal a-way, gent-ly and lov-ing-ly, On - ly re-
pat-ient-ly run; So let me pass a-way, peace-ful-ly, si-lent - ly, On - ly re-
spring I have sown, Who ploughed or sowed matters not to the reaper, I'm only re-
honored, unknown; Here and up yon - der I must be remembered, On - ly re-



Slow.



membered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
membered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.



Slow.

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REMEMBERED.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Ev - er re-mem-bered, for - ev - er remembered, Ev - er re-

Ev-er-more remembered. ev-er-more remembered, Ev - er re-

membered while the years are rolling on; Ev - er remembered, for-

membered while the years are rolling on; Evermore remembered,

ritard.

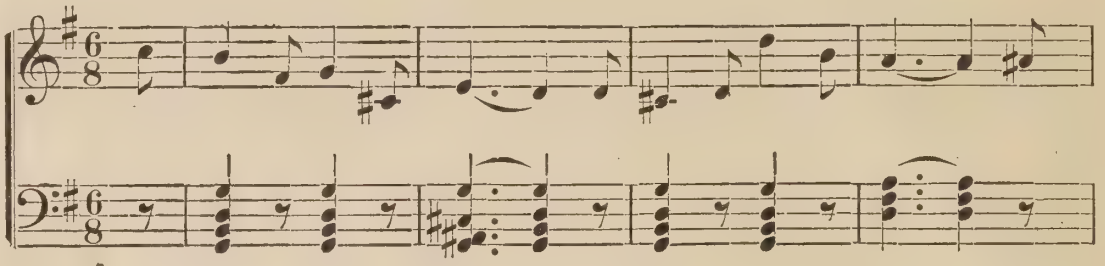
ev - er remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

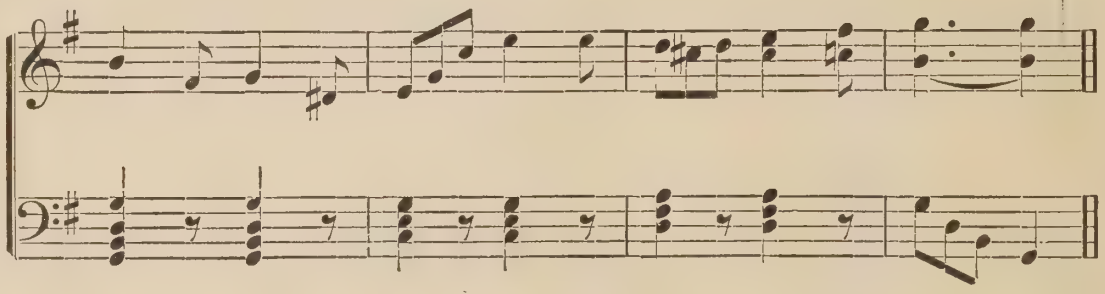
evermore remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

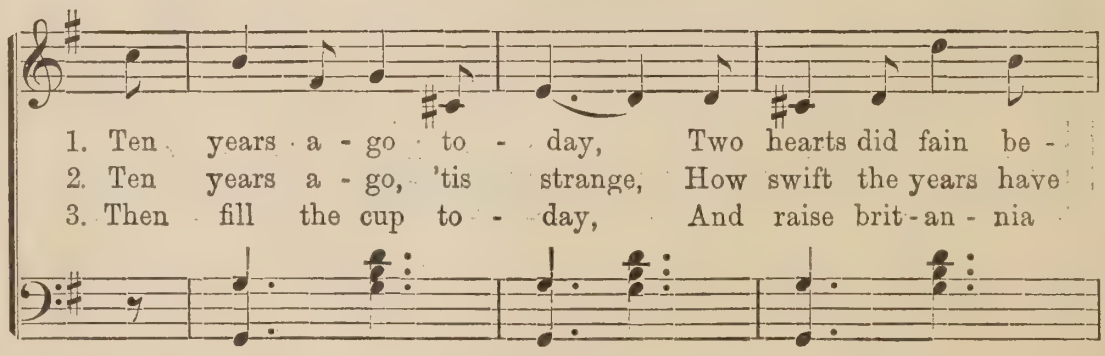
THE TIN WEDDING.

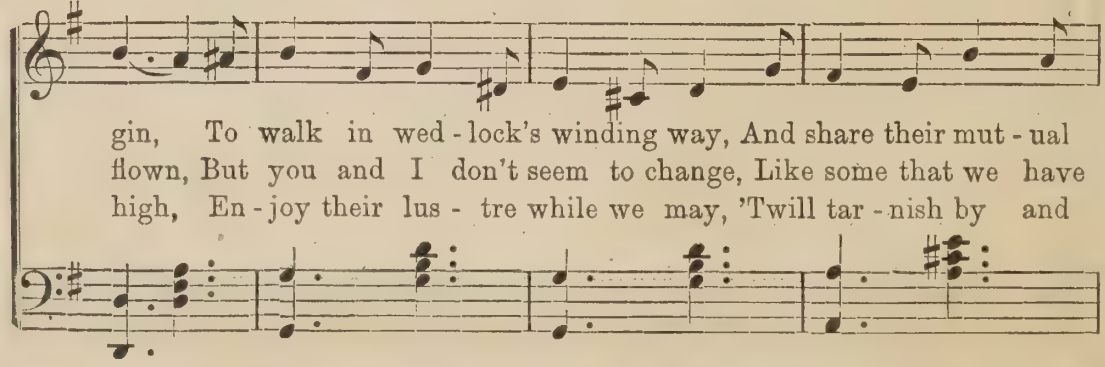
P. P. BLISS.

Prelude.









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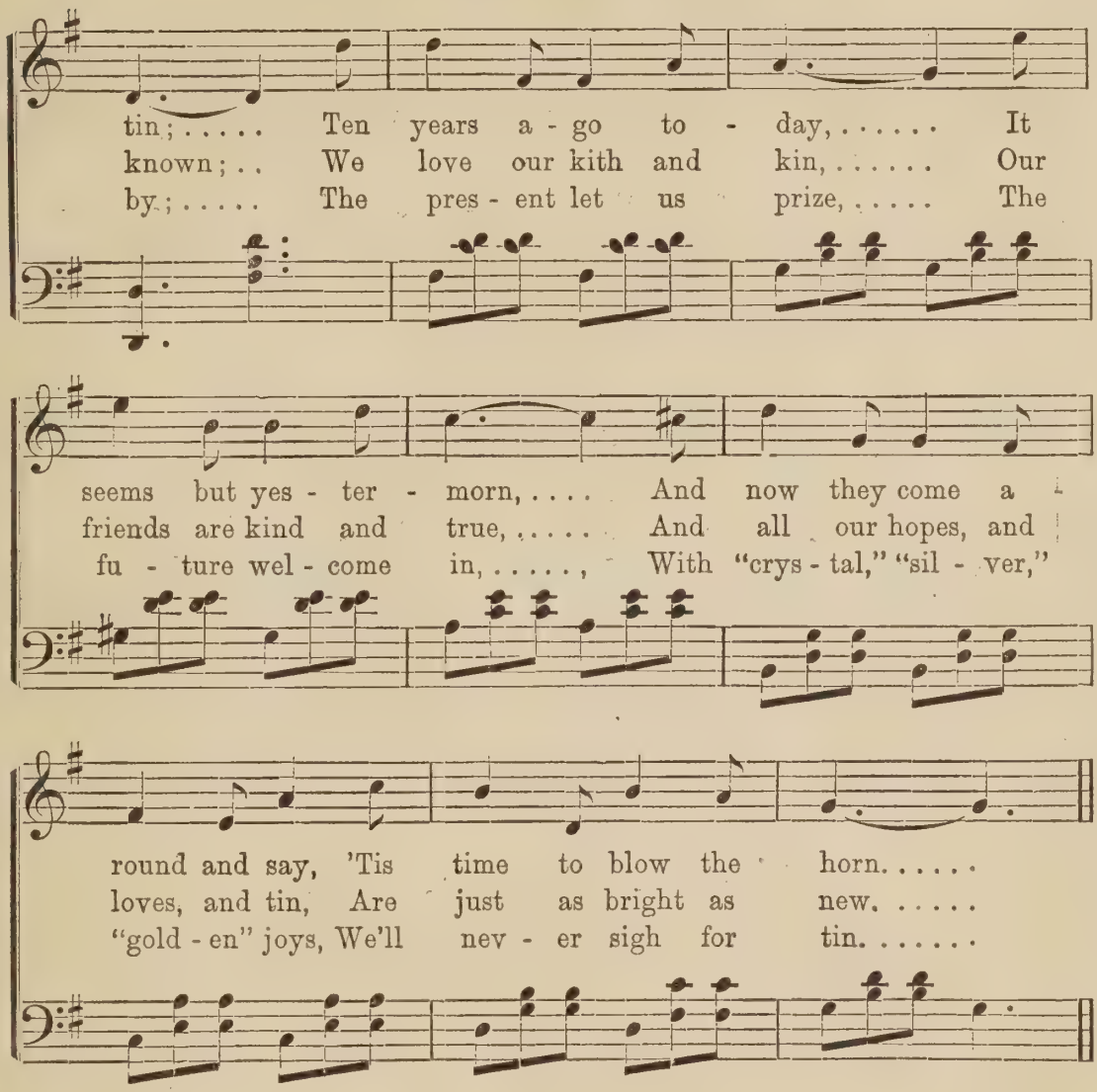
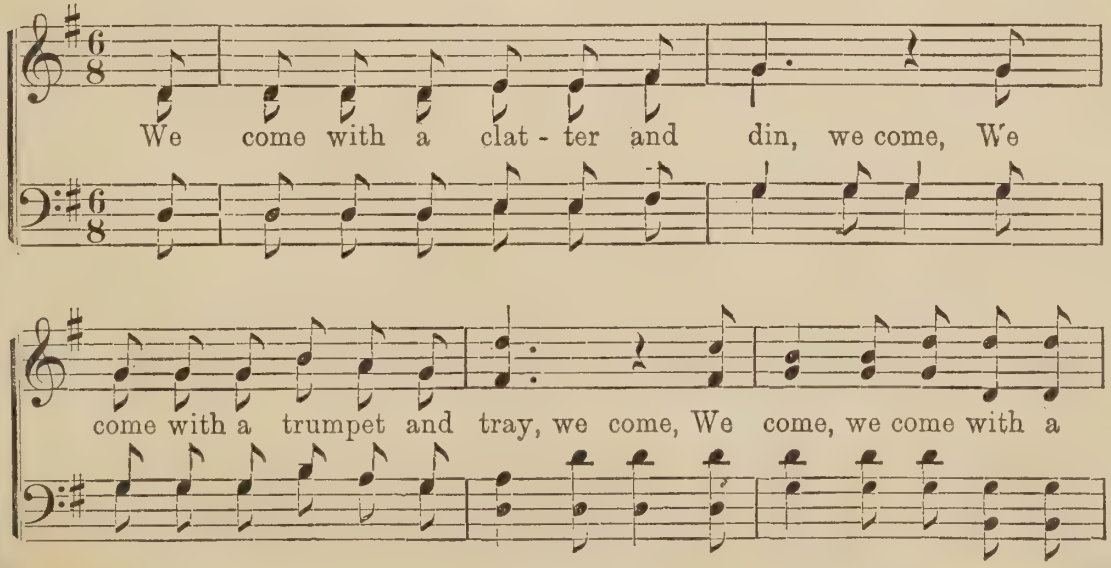
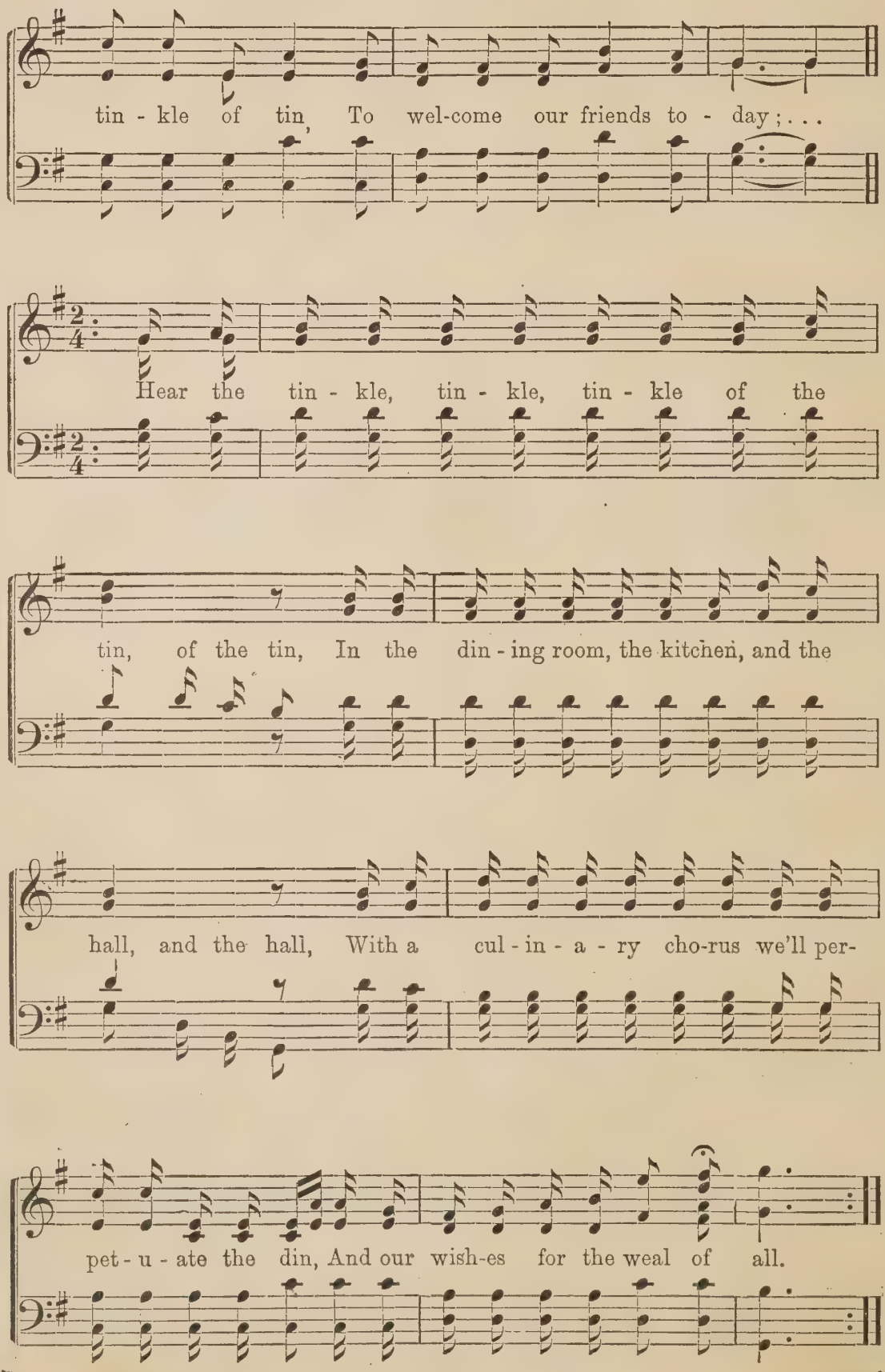
THE TIN WEDDING.—Continued.



CHORUS.



THE TIN WEDDING.—Concluded.



IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I should like to die, said Wil - lie, if my pa - pa could die too; But he
2. But she told me, I re-mem - ber, once while sit - ting on her knee, That the
3. There, I know I shall be hap - py, and will al - ways want to stay; I shall
4. There will be none but the ho - ly, I shall know no more of sin, But I'll
5. Nel-lie says, that may be I shall ve - ry soon be called a - way, If pa-

says he is - n't rea - dy, cause he has so much to do; And my
an - gels nev - er wea - ry, watch-ing o - ver her and me; And that
love to hear the sing - ing I shall love the end - less day I shall
see ma - ma, and Nel - lie, for I know he'll let them in, But I'll
pa was on - ly rea - dy, I should like to go to - day, But if

lit - tle sis - ter Nel - lie, says that I must sure - ly die, And that
if we're good, (and ma - ma told me just the same be - fore,) They will
love to look at Je - sus I shall love him more and more And I'll
have to tell the an - gel, when I meet him at the door, That he
I should go be - fore him, to that world of light and joy, Then I

she and ma - ma— then she stopped, be - cause it made me cry. And that
let us in - to Hea - ven, when they see us at the door. They will
gath - er wa - ter lil - ies for the an - gel at the door. And I'll
must ex - cuse my pa - pa, ('cause he could'nt leave the store.) That he
guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his lit - tle boy. Then I

she and ma - ma— then she stopped, be - cause it made me cry.
let us in - to Hea - ven, when they see us at the door.
gath - er wa - ter lil - ies for the an - gel at the door.
must ex - cuse my pa - pa, cause he could'nt leave the store.
guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his lit - tle boy.

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ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

P. P. BLISS.

Andantino.

1. "All a - board for the De - pot! Hur - rah, we can't wait! Ten minutes to train-time, hur-ry up, you'll be late! Oh
2. There is "room for one more," in the world's om - ni - bus; What need of com-plain - ing, or mak - ing a fuss? We can
3. There is "room for one more," in the cause that is just; Stand firm to your pur-pose, be pa - tient and trust; Tho' the
4. There is "room for one more" in the heart that is true; Al-ways room for the wor - thy, it may be for you; Love's

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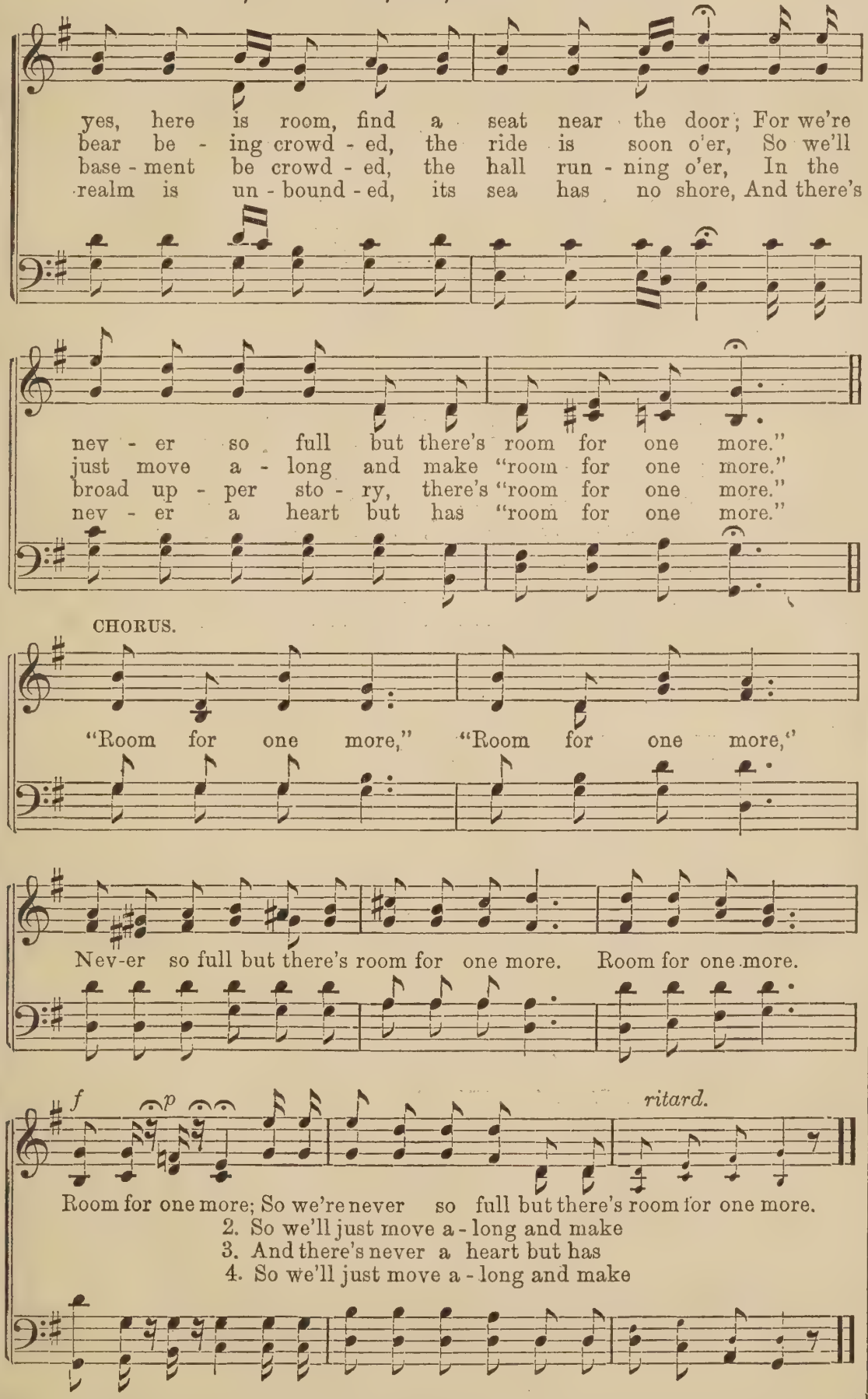
yes, here is room, find a seat near the door; For we're
bear be - ing crowd - ed, the ride is soon o'er, So we'll
base - ment be crowd - ed, the hall run - ning o'er, In the
realm is un - bound - ed, its sea has no shore, And there's
nev - er so full but there's room for one more."
just move a - long and make "room for one more."
broad up - per sto - ry, there's "room for one more."
nev - er a heart but has "room for one more."
CHORUS.
"Room for one more," "Room for one more,"
Nev-er so full but there's room for one more. Room for one more.
f
p
ritard.
Room for one more; So we're never so full but there's room for one more.
2. So we'll just move a - long and make
3. And there's never a heart but has
4. So we'll just move a - long and make

WILLIE'S WOOING.

P. P. BLISS.

Sprightly.

1. When the snow - y dais - ies Decked the meadows fair,
2. Vi - o - lets he brought me From the sha - dy dell,
3. Now the flow'rs have fa - ded, With the bloom - ing Spring,

And the ap - ple blos - soms Filled the balm - y air;
And his lov - ing glan - ces Told he loved me well;
Soon the fruit - ful Au - tumn Bright - er days will bring;

When the ver - dant wood - lands Smil'd in beau - ty rare My
But the half he said I'll nev - er, nev - er tell When
Here up - on my fin - ger, Shines a gold - en ring Since

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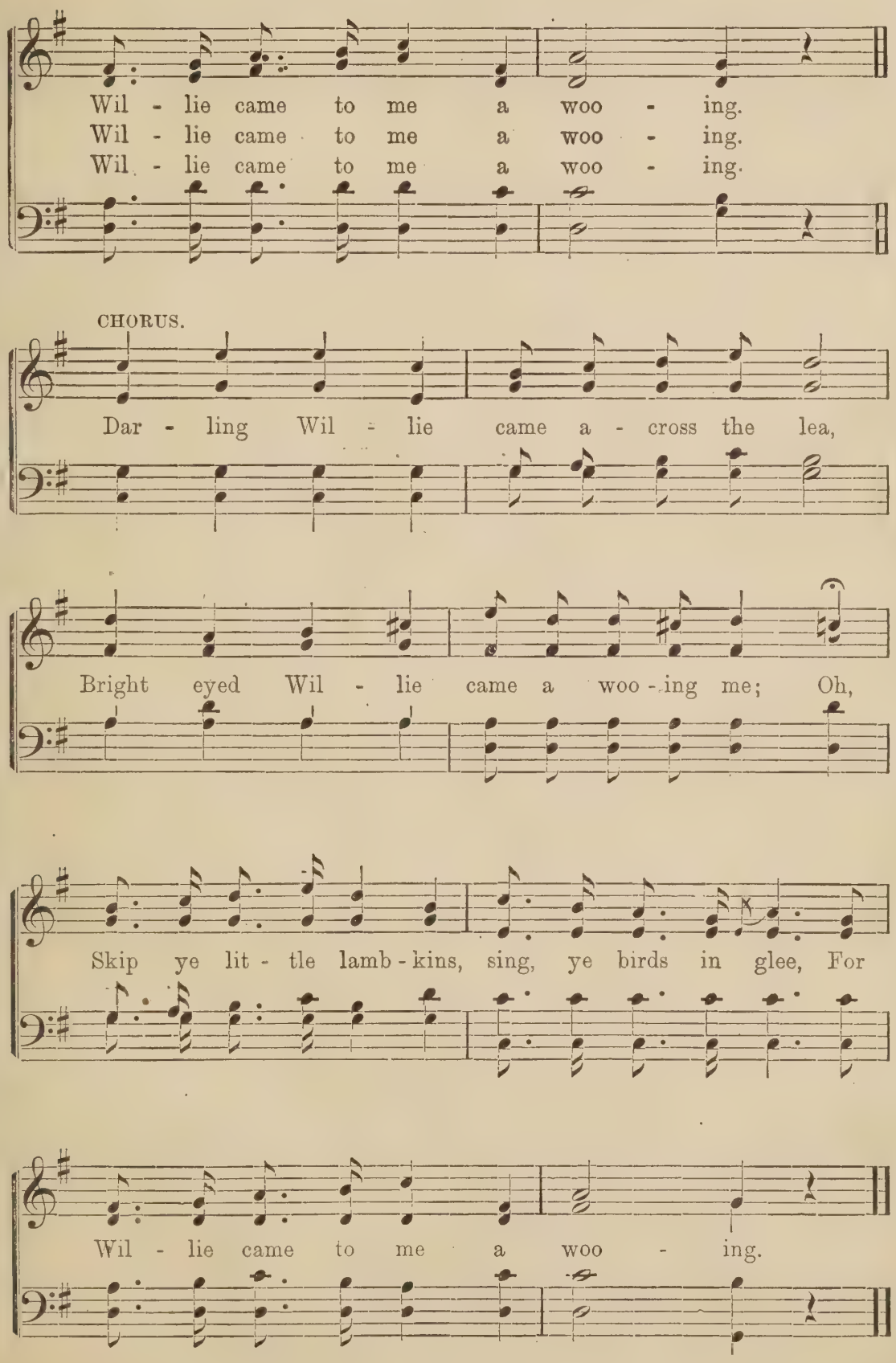
WILLIE'S WOOING.—Concluded.



FOR YOU.

P. P. BLISS.

Introduction.

First Voice.

1. A thought, a thought! for the ro - sy morn, That
2. A kiss! a kiss! for the sweet red rose, And

comes with its pear - ly dew! . . . . But I'll keep a kind - li - er
one for the vio - let blue! . . . . But I'll lin - ger still at the

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FOR YOU.—Continued.

hap - pier thought, For twi - light and for you.....
gar - den gate, And keep one back for you.....

Duet.

A thought, a thought! for the ro - sy morn, That
A kiss! a kiss! for the sweet red rose, And

comes with its pear - ly dew! .... But I'll keep a kind - li - er
one for the vio - let blue! .... But I'll lin - ger still at the

hap-pi - er thought, For twi - light and for you.....
gar - den gate, And keep one back for you.....

Second Voice.

A song! a song! for the mock - ing bird, In
A sigh! a sigh! for my pale white rose, The

FOR YOU.—Continued.

answer to his so true! . . . . But you know right well that I
des-o-late night wind slew; , . . . But I answer you best when the

al - ways keep My sweet - est song for you. . . . . .
lil - lies say, I am sigh - ing most for you. . . . . .

Duet.

A song! a song! for the mock - ing bird, In
A sigh! a sigh! for my pale white rose, The

answer to his so true! . . . . But you know right well that I
des - o - late night winds slew! . . . . But I answer you best when the

al - ways keep My sweet - est song for you. . . . .
lil - lies say, I am sigh - ing most for you. . . . .

FOR YOU.—Concluded.

After second verse only.

I am sigh - ing most for you, ... , ...

I am sigh - ing most for

. . . . . I am

you . . I am sigh - ing most for you, ...

sigh - ing most for you, But I an-swer you best when the

. . . . . But I an - swer you best when the

lil - ies say, I am sigh - ing most for you, I am

lil - ies say, I am sigh - ing most for you, For

sigh - ing most for you, for you, for you!

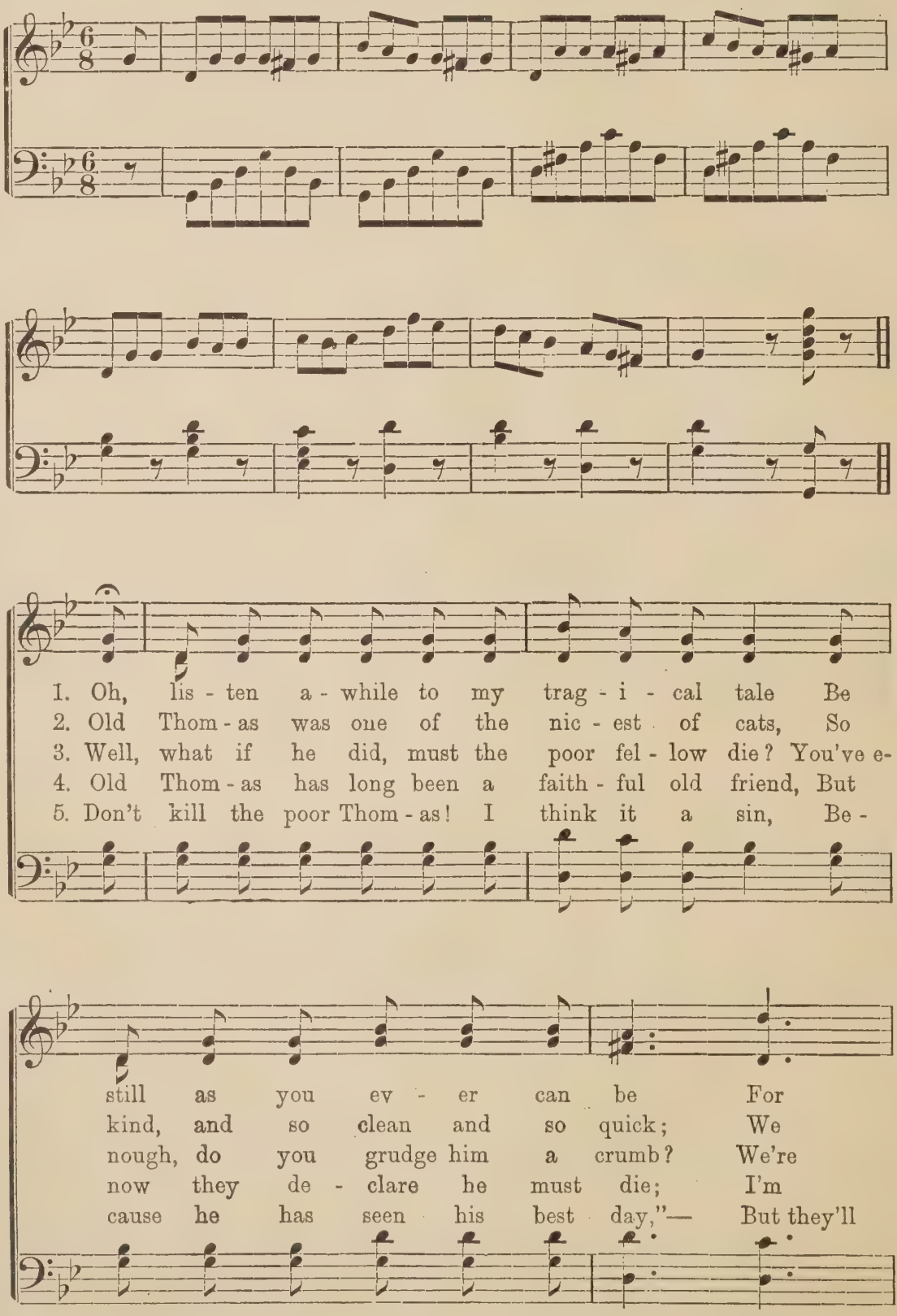
you, for you, I am sigh - ing most for you!

THE TRAGICAL TAIL.

OF

POOR THOMAS MALTESE.

P. P. BLISS.



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THE TRAGICAL TAIL.—Concluded.

I will be heard while I wild - ly be - wail The
s'pose that he used to kill mic - es and rats, But we
all fond of chick - en, tho' may be more sly, We're
sor - ry to think of his ter - ri - ble end! If I
dig him a grave and they'll tum - ble him in; And

fate of poor Thom - as Mal - tese.
know that he killed the poor chick.
none of us bet - ter than "Tom."
on - ly had time I would cry.
that's what he'll get for his pay.

CHORUS.

Ah, pi - ty poor Kit - ty, poor Thom-as Mal - tese; Ah,

me! Ah me! Ah me! Ah, pi - ty poor Kit - ty,— Ah

me! Ah me! Ah me! Ah me! Ah me!...

WHEN GRANDMAMA IS GONE.

P. P. BLISS.

pp *eres.* *dim.* *rit.* *pp*

1. In her old armchair she's sitting As in days of long a - go, While she's
2. Silvered locks beneath the bor-der Of her snow-white cap I see, "Thro' a
3. Years a - go a dear com-pan-ion Promised her a blushing bride, "To pro-
4. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the twilight shadows come, Still she's

knitting, knitting, knitting, Gent - ly rock - ing to and fro; And a
glass, tho' dim-ly, fond - ly, Falls her lov - ing gaze on me; On the
tect, to love and cherish" "E'en 'till death should them divide" O'er a
waiting, waiting, waiting, 'Till the Master calls her home; Though I

dark'ning tho't steals o'er me Like a shadow o'er the lawn, Of the
high old fashioned bureau, Lies the choicest Book she's known, Who will
low mound 'neath the willow, Summer ros-es long have blown, They will
weep for friends de-part-ed, While they're going one by one, I shall

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WHEN GRANDMAMA IS GONE.—Concluded.

lone - ly days be - fore me, Af - ter Grand-ma - ma is gone.
turn its sa - cred pag - es Af - ter Grand-ma - ma is gone.
bloom a - bove an - oth - er, Af - ter Grand-ma - ma is gone.
have one more in heav - en Af - ter Grand-ma - ma is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh, when Grandmama is gone, Oh, when Grandmama is gone, And her

prayers, and tears, and toils for us are o'er, Who will

cheer us day by day, All a - long our wea - ry way To the

beau - ti - ful, the ev - er Shin - ing Shore!

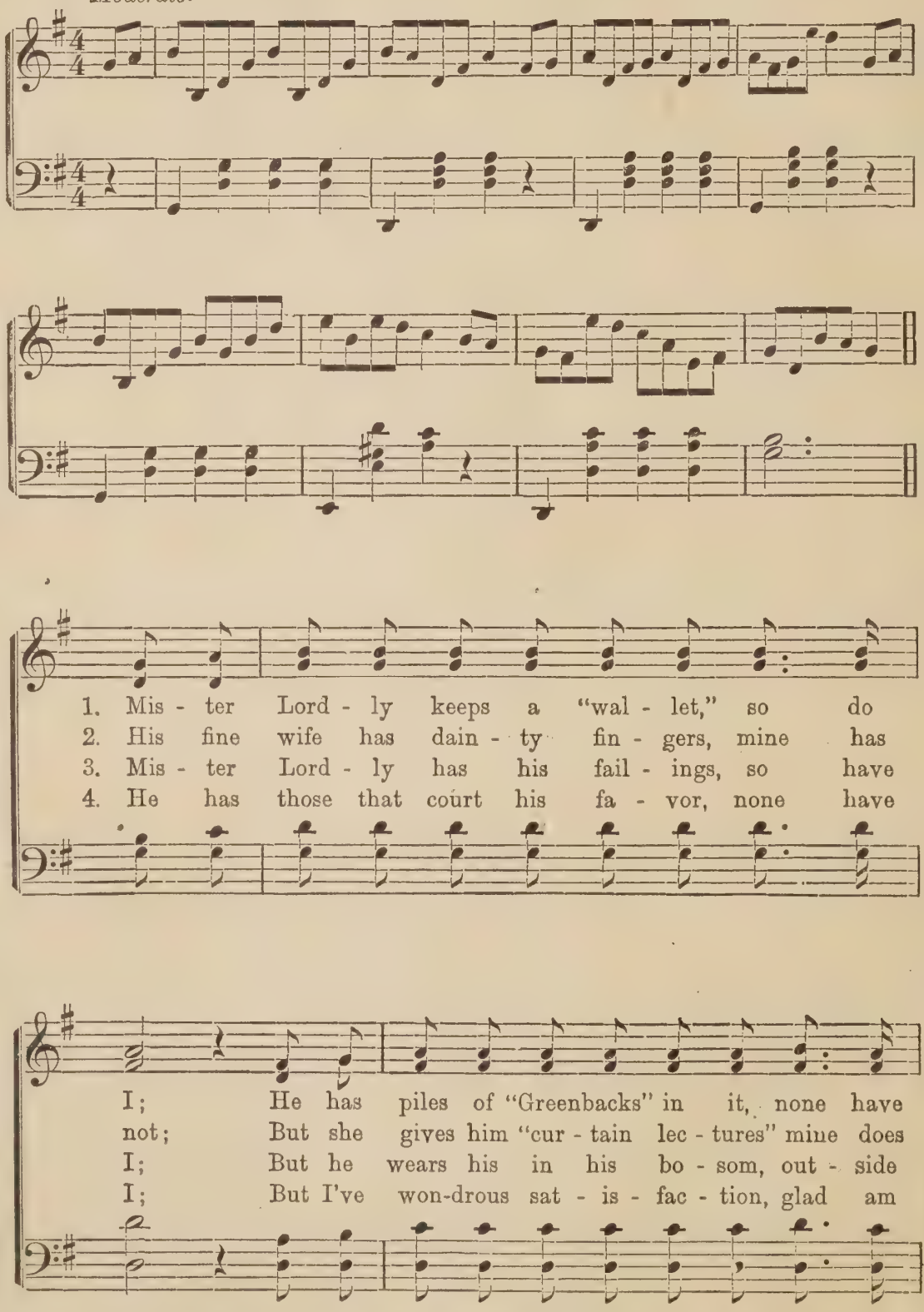
MR. LORDLY AND I!

OR

THE DIFERENCE.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.



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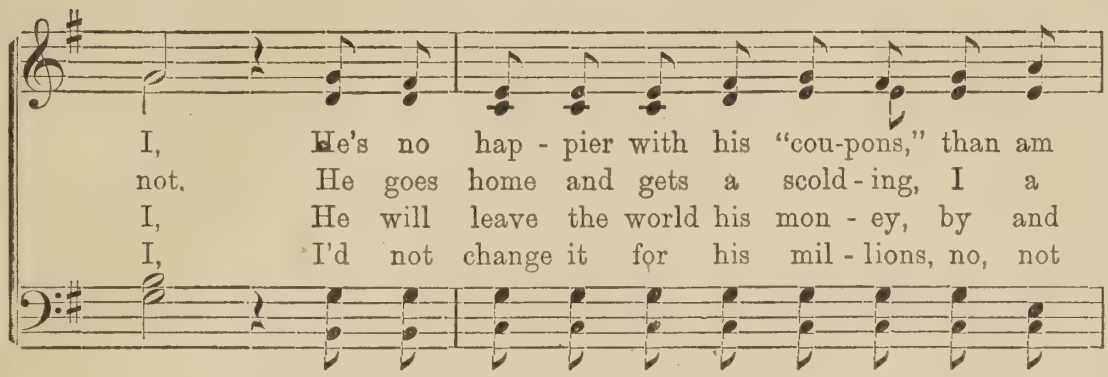
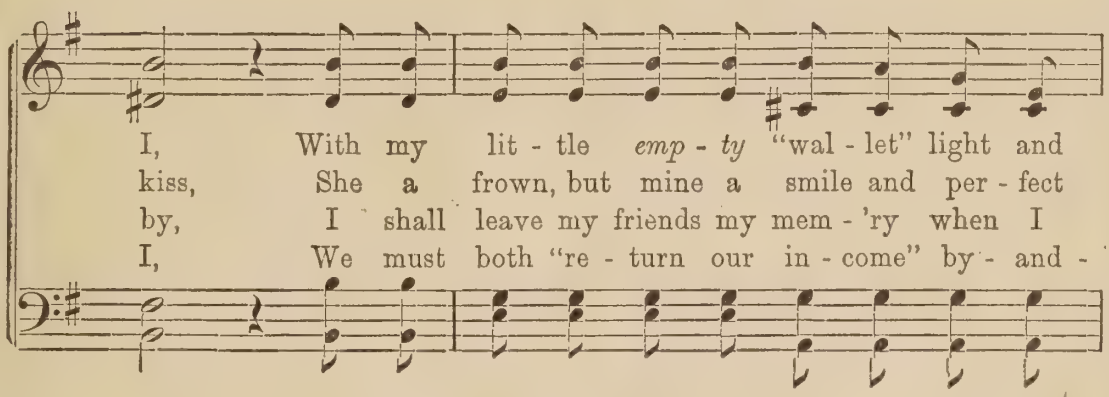
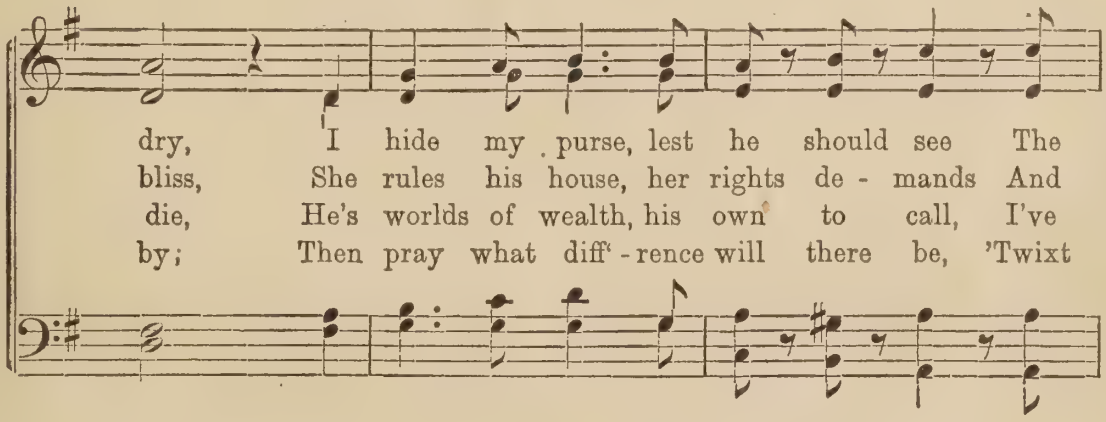
MR. LORDLY AND I.—Concluded.



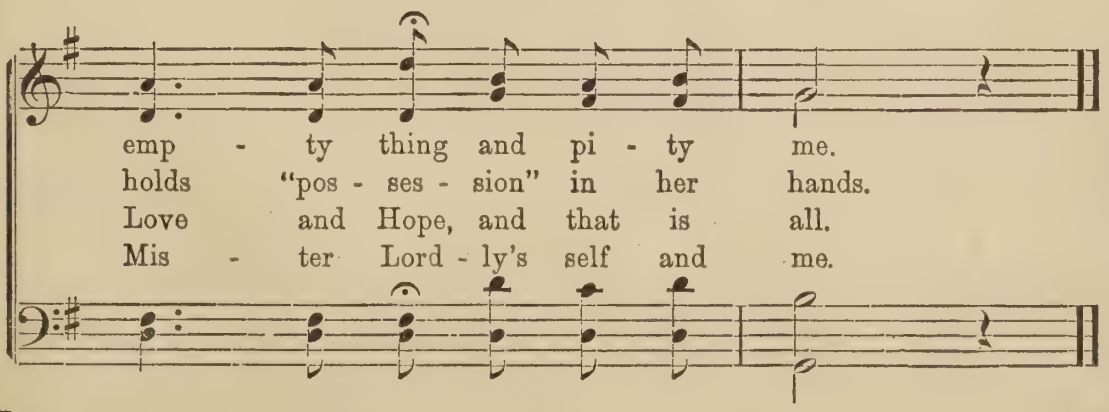
I, He's no hap - pier with his "cou-pons," than am
not. He goes home and gets a scold - ing, I a
I, He will leave the world his mon - ey, by and
I, I'd not change it for his mil - lions, no, not



I, With my lit - tle *emp - ty* "wal - let" light and
kiss, She a frown, but mine a smile and per - fect
by, I shall leave my friends my mem - 'ry when I
I, We must both "re - turn our in - come" by - and -



dry, I hide my purse, lest he should see The
bliss, She rules his house, her rights de - mands And
die, He's worlds of wealth, his own to call, I've
by; Then pray what diff' - rence will there be, 'Twixt



emp - ty thing and pi - ty me.
holds "pos - ses - sion" in her hands.
Love and Hope, and that is all.
Mis - ter Lord - ly's self and me.

BONAPO.

A MEDLEY.

P. P. BLISS.

RECITATIVE.
Andantino.

By the dark-ly flow-ing riv - er, Where the leaves in si-lence quiv-er,

In a cold for-bod-ing shiv-er, See the ex - ile Bo - na - po.

Dark and damp the i - vy clinging To the branches o'er him swinging,

Mourn - ful - ly and low he's sing - ing,

CHORUS.

Not for Joe, not for Joe, not for Joe is The

Entered according to act of Congress 1866 by Root & Cady in the Clerks office of the District Court for Northern Illinois.

BONAPO.—Continued.

farm, the farm, the dear old farm. We'll

have to mortgage the farm. We'll have to mortgage the

QUARTET. CHORUS.

"Banks and Bræs of Bon - nie Doon" Now fare - thee-well my

Tin-ni-nin-ni-win-kum-ka, Fare - thee - well, said Bo - na - po.

RECITATIVE.

See, where bat and owl are flit - ting, Mood-i-ly his dark brows knitting

Bo - na - po in si - lence sit - ting.

BONAPD.—Continued.

DUET. TREBLE and ALTO,

Under the beautiful stars, Un-der the beautiful stars.

RECITATIVE.

Then a rustle was heard in the ivy tree. And the Watcher Gray thus answered me,

BARITONE SOLO.

Fast.

Now I'll whistle, Now I'll sing; Now I'll cap-er, Now I'll fling;

Slow.

Now the chairs a - bout I'll swing, For know you, sir, I'm married, So

QUARTET.

Hush thee, my ba-by, the time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be broken by

BONAPO.—Continued.

Jol - ly Old Rog - er the tin - mak - er man, Who

Slower.

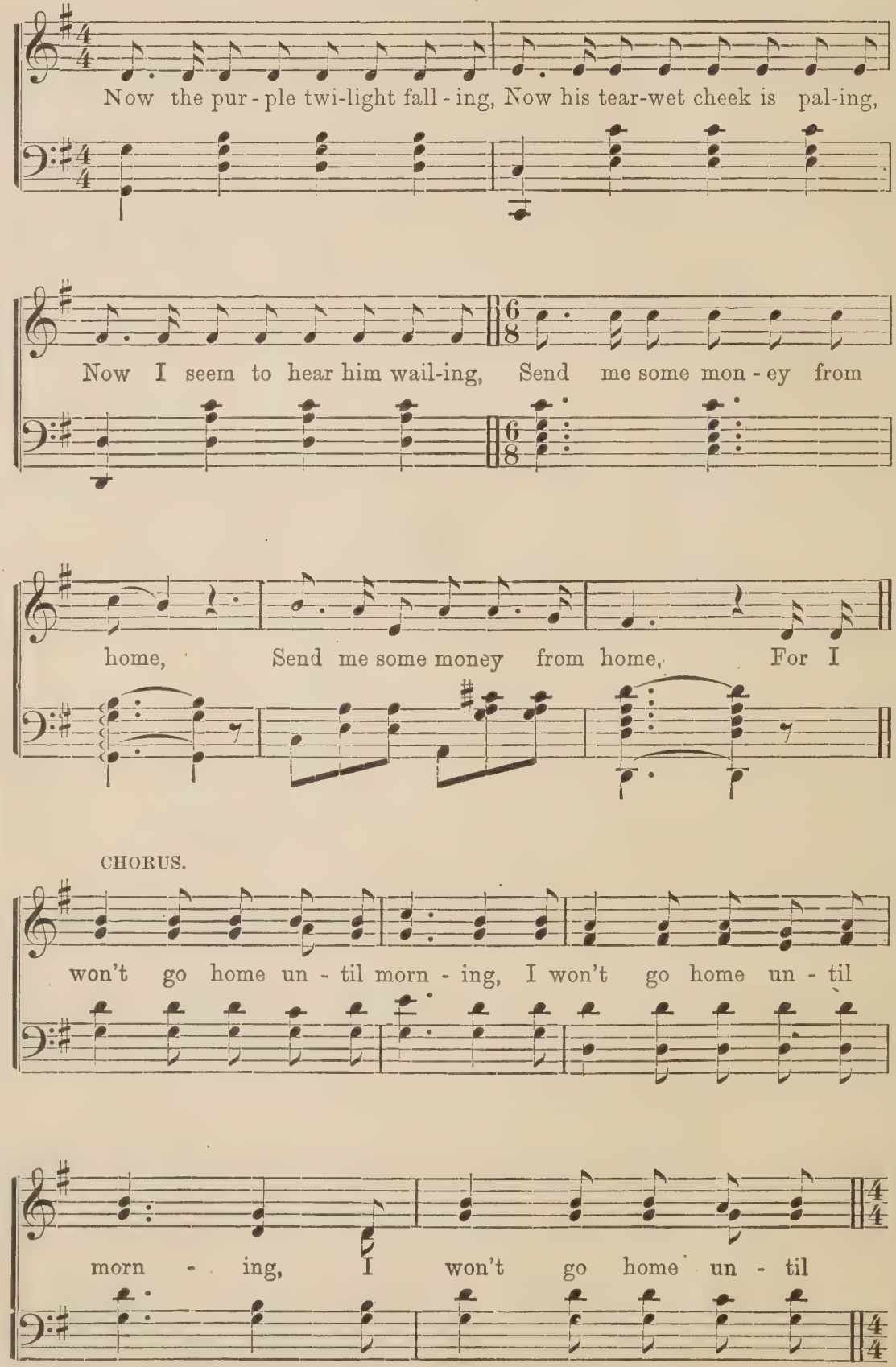
lived in a gar - ret in New Am-ster - dam, With his

Sons of brave Sires, born of fore - father's free, 'Mid the

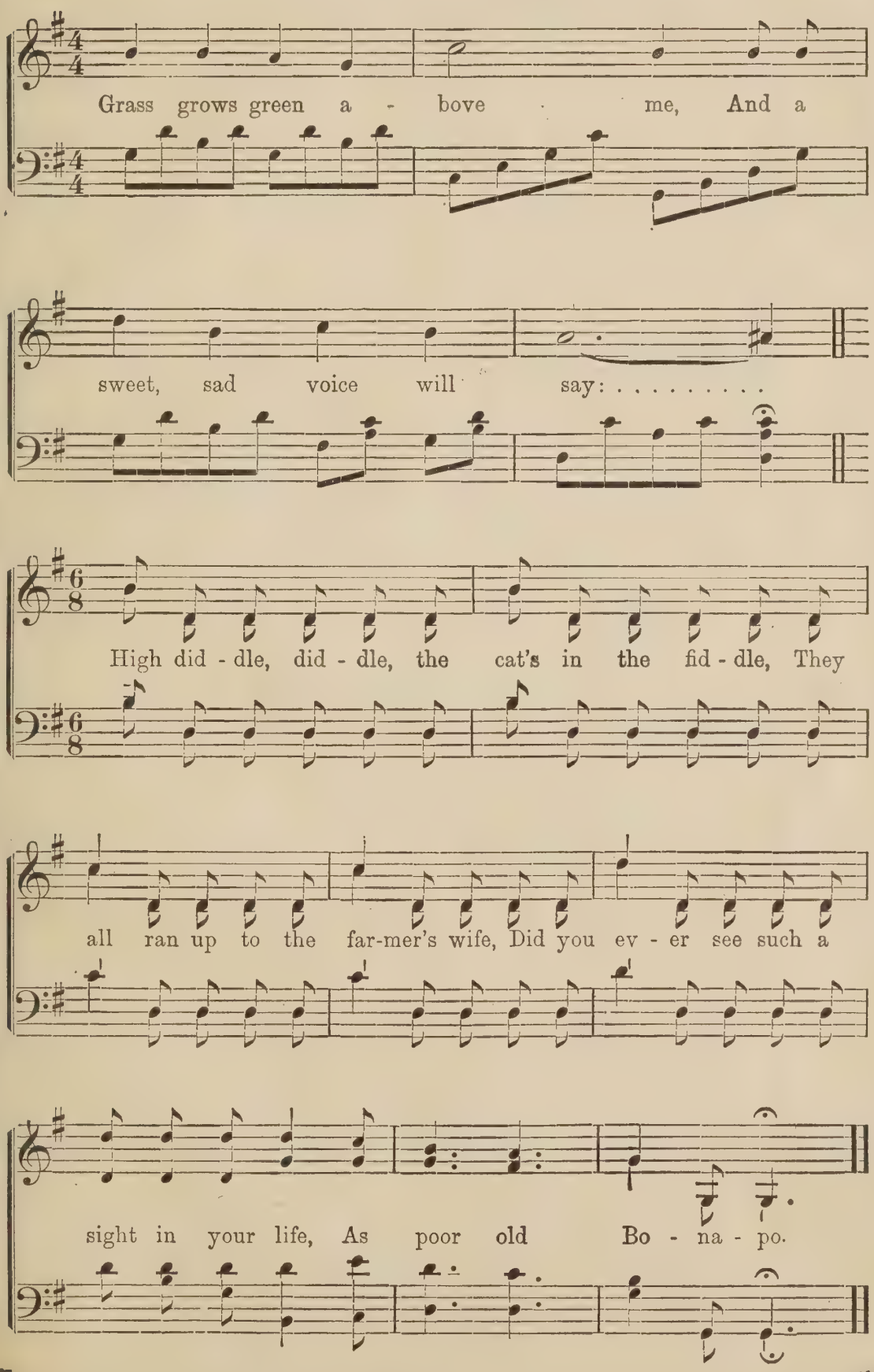
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the tin, In the dining room; the kitchen and the hall.

All in the Gold-en prime of May, All in the Gold-en prime of Bo-na-po.

BONAPO.—Continued.



BONAPO.—Concluded.



GOOD BYE JEFF! *

P. P. BLISS.

Allegretto.

1. O you told me that you'd meet me at the White House, Jeff, When I
2. O there's nothing ver - y cheering in the pros - pect, Jeff, When our
3. O I'm real-ly sick and tir - ed of this non - sense, Jeff, And my
4. And you know the Yankee mud-sill sol-diers caught you, Jeff, In a

A distinguished Southerner openly and strongly opposed secession before the war, and these are supposed to be his ideas at its close.

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left you on the Chat - ta - hoo - chee shore, But you're
cot - ton and our cred - it both are gone, And the
heart is sink - ing ver - y low in - deed, For our
most un - seem - ly fem - i - nine dis - guise, And your

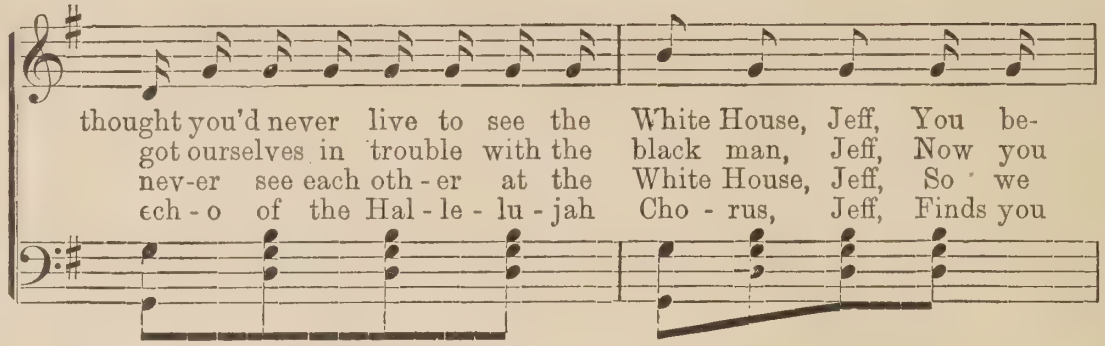
fur - ther from it now than e - ven then, friend Jeff. And your
Yan - kees "re - con - noi - ter" like the mis - chief, Jeff. And ap-
sol - diers are de - sert - ing, and it seems, dear Jeff. That we'd
Bon - net, Gown, and Hoop have sure - ly taught you, Jeff. How re-

face it is - n't look-ing tow'rds the door; You re-
pro - pri - ate our cat - tle and our corn; They have
bet - ter pack our bag - gage, and "se - cede;" For our
dic - u - lous you look in all our eyes; But the

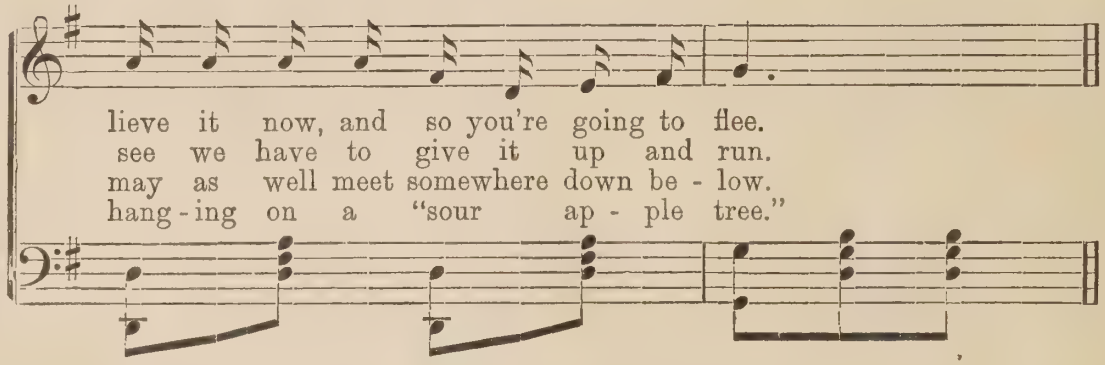
member what I told you down in Georgia, don't you Jeff, When you
ta - ken half our nig-gers, and are bound to free the rest, And I
pa - per is pro - test - ed, and our cred - it "gone to smash," And I
soul of fa-mous Old John Brown has not stop'd marching, Jeff, And the

came to talk se - ces - sion "stuff" to me, That I
wish they were in Guin - ea ev - ery one; For we've
don't know what to do or where to go— Oh! we'll
last of south-ern Chi - val - ry we'll see, When the

GOOD BYE JEFF.—Concluded.

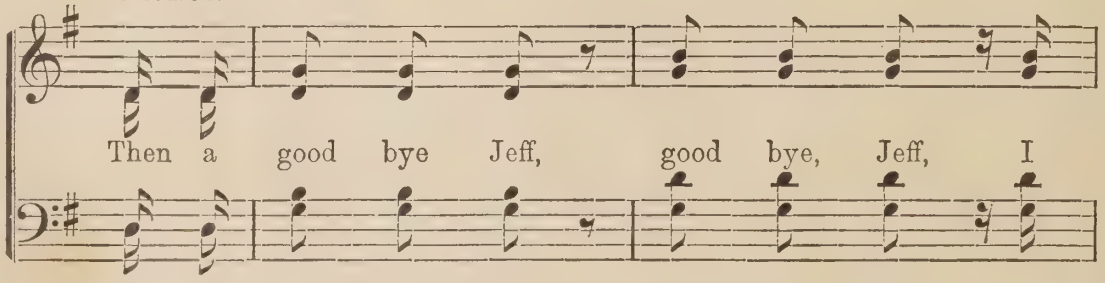


thought you'd never live to see the White House, Jeff, You be-
got ourselves in trouble with the black man, Jeff, Now you
nev-er see each oth-er at the White House, Jeff, So we
ech-o of the Hal-le-lu-jah Cho-rus, Jeff, Finds you

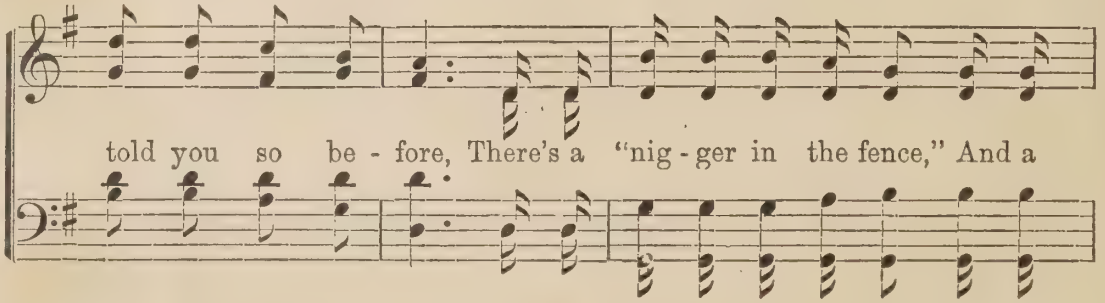


lieve it now, and so you're going to flee.
see we have to give it up and run.
may as well meet somewhere down be-low.
hang-ing on a "sour ap-ple tree."

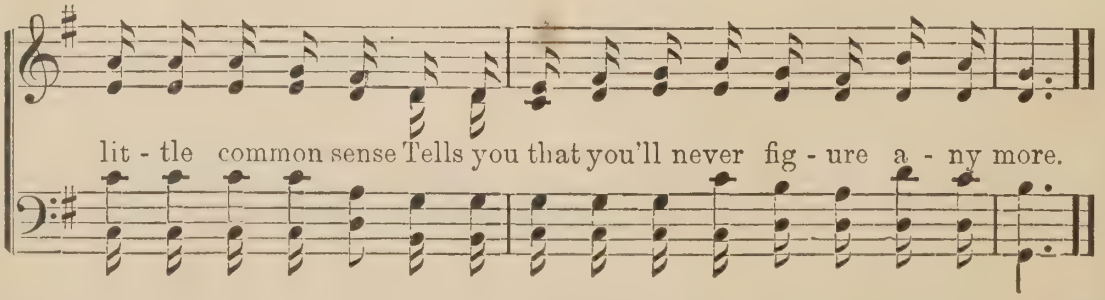
CHORUS.



Then a good bye Jeff, good bye, Jeff, I



told you so be-fore, There's a "nig-ger in the fence," And a



lit-tle common sense Tells you that you'll never fig-ure a-ny more.

PRO PHUNDO BASSO.

P. P. BLISS.

Pro Phundo Bas-so is my name, My voice is very loud and

strong; I sing the scales and psalm tunes too, And sometimes sing a

TENOR.

song. I sing a - lone,— Why sing a - lone? Be-

TENOR

cause there's no one here can sing one half so well as I, Let me but

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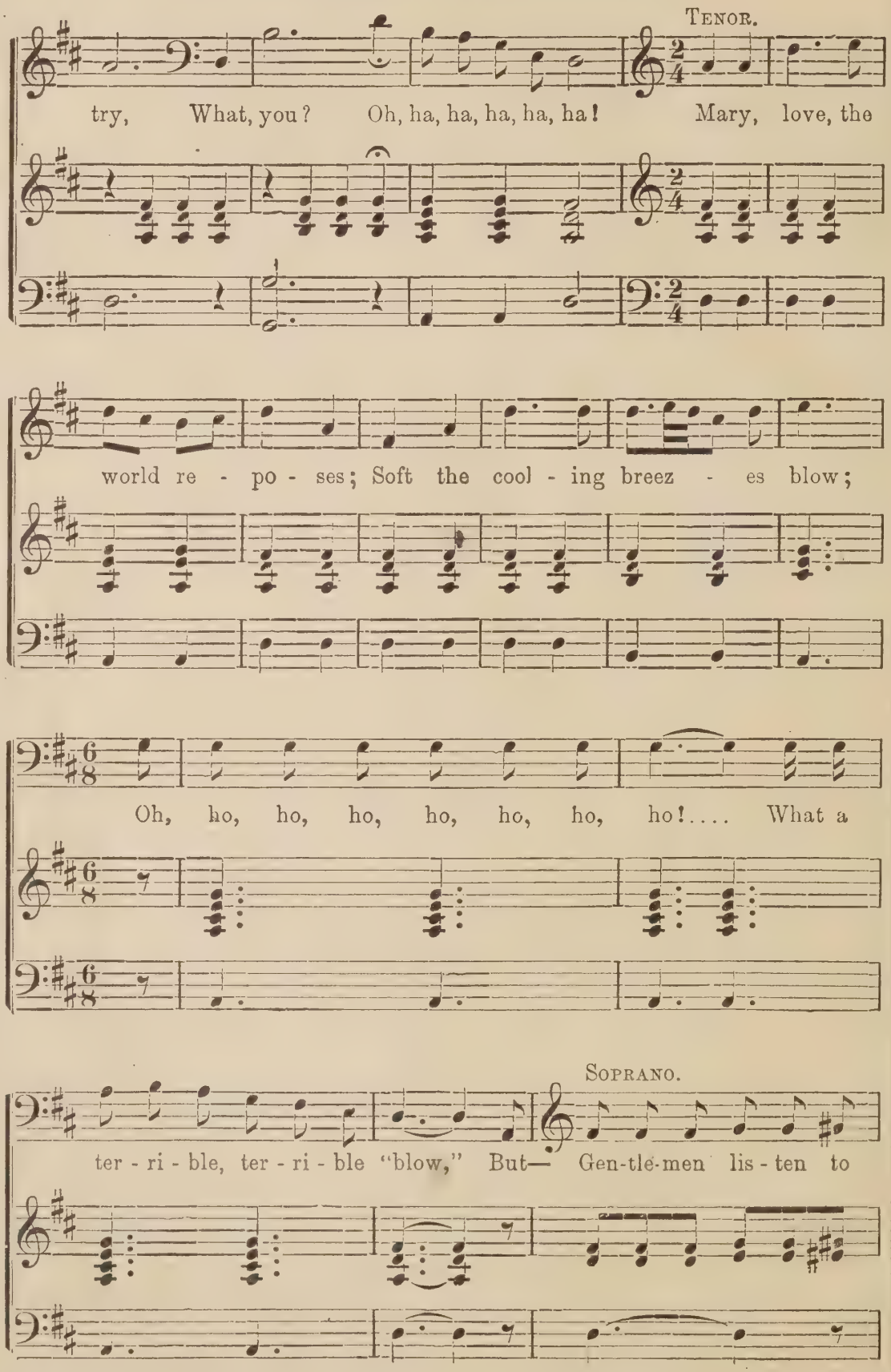
PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Continued.



PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Continued.

me,.... You'll nev - er, you'll nev - er a - gree,....

ALTO.

We'll join in a song with you, For four are better than two,

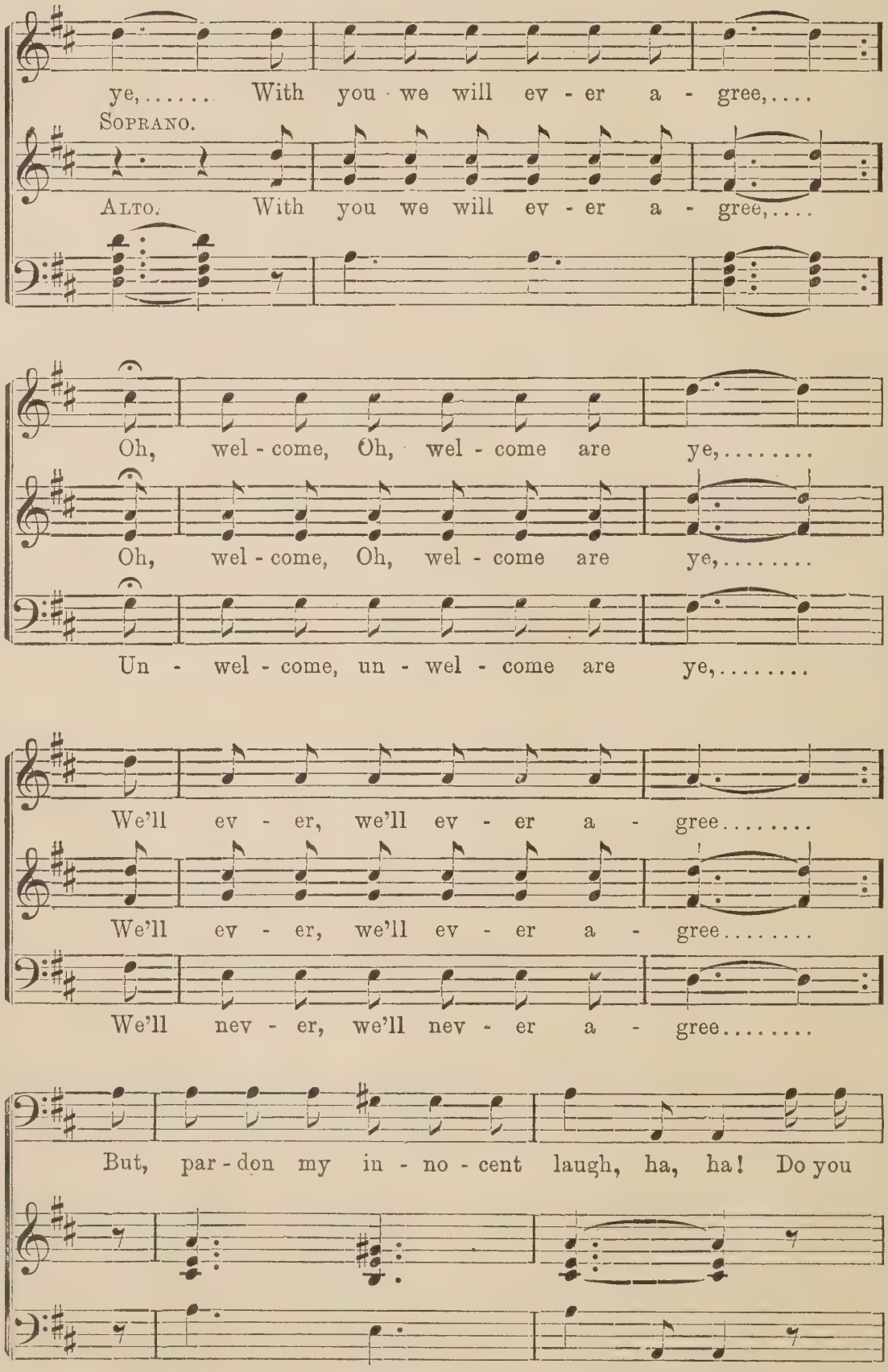
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

We'll join in a song with you,..... For

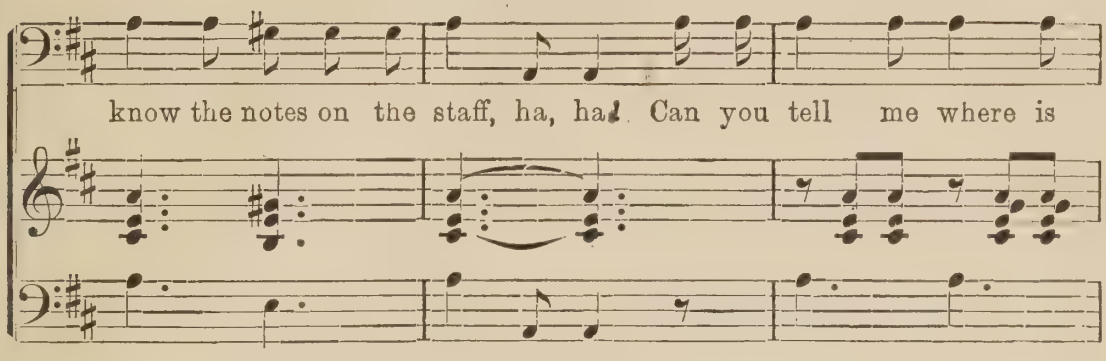
TENOR.

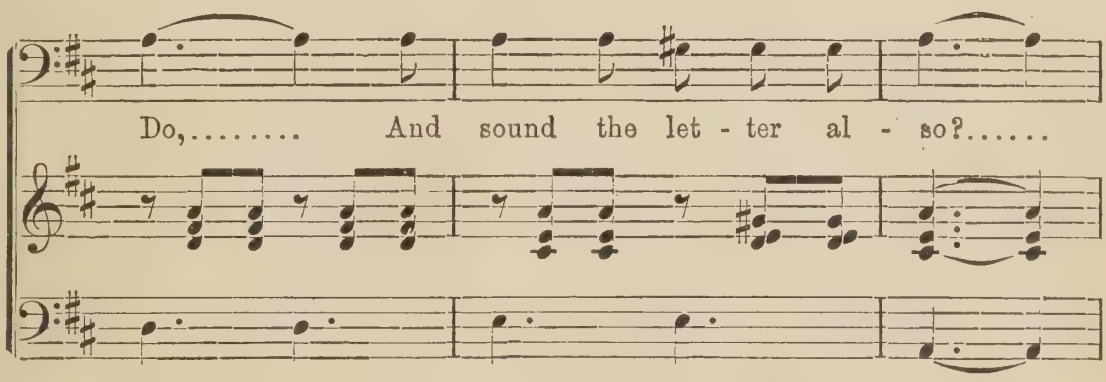
four are bet-ter than two.... Oh, wel-come fair la - dies are

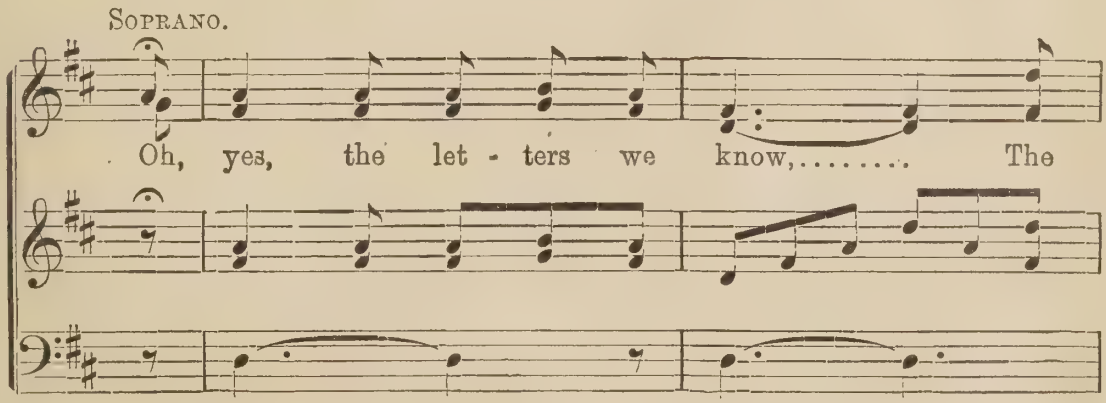
PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Continued.

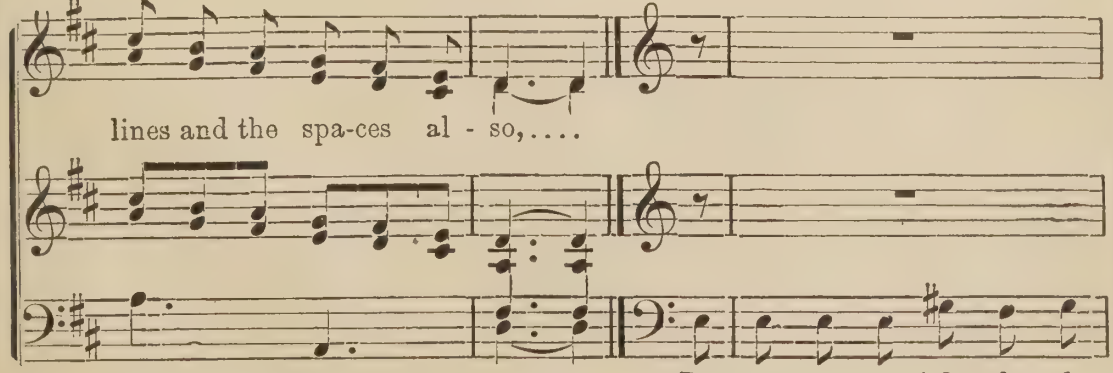


PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Continued.









PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Continued.

(*Spoken.*) What, A, A, A,.. (*Spoken.*) Yes,

(*Spoken.*) What, A, A, A,.... (*Spoken.*) Yes,

A..... No, no, you're wrong, sound A.....

A, A, A.... (*Spoken.*) Well, A, A, A....

A, A, A.... (*Spoken.*) Well, A, A, A....

..... No, no, try a-gain, sound A, A, A, A, A....

Too high, too high, too high, ha, ha! You're wrong, you're wrong, you're

wrong.... You're wrong, &c.....

You're wrong, &c.....

PRO PHUNDO BASSO.—Concluded.

wrong, wrong, wrong, You're wrong, &c..... wrong, wrong,

wrong, wrong, wrong, You're wrong, &c..... wrong, wrong,

I tell you, you sounded too high, ha, ha! Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

We didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't; We

We didn't, we didn't, we didn't. we didn't, we didn't, we didn't; We

You did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you

didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't.

didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't. we didn't, didn't.

did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did.

WATCHER GRAY.

OR

The Owl in the Ruin.

P. P. BLISS.

1. What dost thou say, thou watch-er gray, Perched in the ru - in
2. Oft have I read, and heard it said, That in days, long since gone
3. "Dungeon and bower, cottage and tower, I claim them all as

old? Why dost thou look, from thine i - vied nook, On my
by, On this gloom-y spot, great deeds were wrought, By
mine; The roof shall fall, and the mol-d'ring wall Be

eyes with gaze so bold? Aught canst thou tell of
men of lin - eage high. Speak! where are they, the
clasped by the i - vy vine; Death, does not spare the

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1869 by Root & Cady in the clerks office of District Court for Northern Ill.

WATCHER GRAY..—Concluded.

what be - fell, When these walls were strong and high, Of the
brave and gay, Who once in the pa - geant shone? Why are
brave and fair,— De - cay, still marks the stone; While

la - dy bright, and the gal - lant knight, Or the cap-tive doomed to
wall and tower, once proud with power, Now ruled by thee a-
they u-nite their strength to smite, I still shall find a

die? Or the cap - tive doomed to die?
lone? Now ruled by thee a - lone?
throne, I still shall find a throne.

After 2d verse.

Then a | rustle was heard in the ivy | tree, And the
watcher gray thus | answered me;—

GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.

P. P. BLISS.

Tis sweet to be re - mem - bered.... By

those we hold most dear..... Tis swe to hear— Now

Mo - ses you'll catch it, Now Mo - ses don't touch it, Now

Mo-ses don't you hear what I say.... So twas she fad - ed

as fades the twi - light Soft - ly she mur - mered— We'll

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GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.—Concluded.

CHORUS

ral - ly round the flag, Boys, We'll ral - ly once a - gain,

Shout - ing the Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom, Yes, we'll

ral - ly from the hill-sides we'll gath-er from the plain, Shouting—

SOLO.

Father, dear Father, come home with me now The clock in the steeple strikes—A

nig - ger in the fence And a lit - tle com-mon sense Tells you

GRAND VUCAL MEDLEY.—Continued.

that you'll never fig-ure a-ny more Than a Good Bye Jeff!

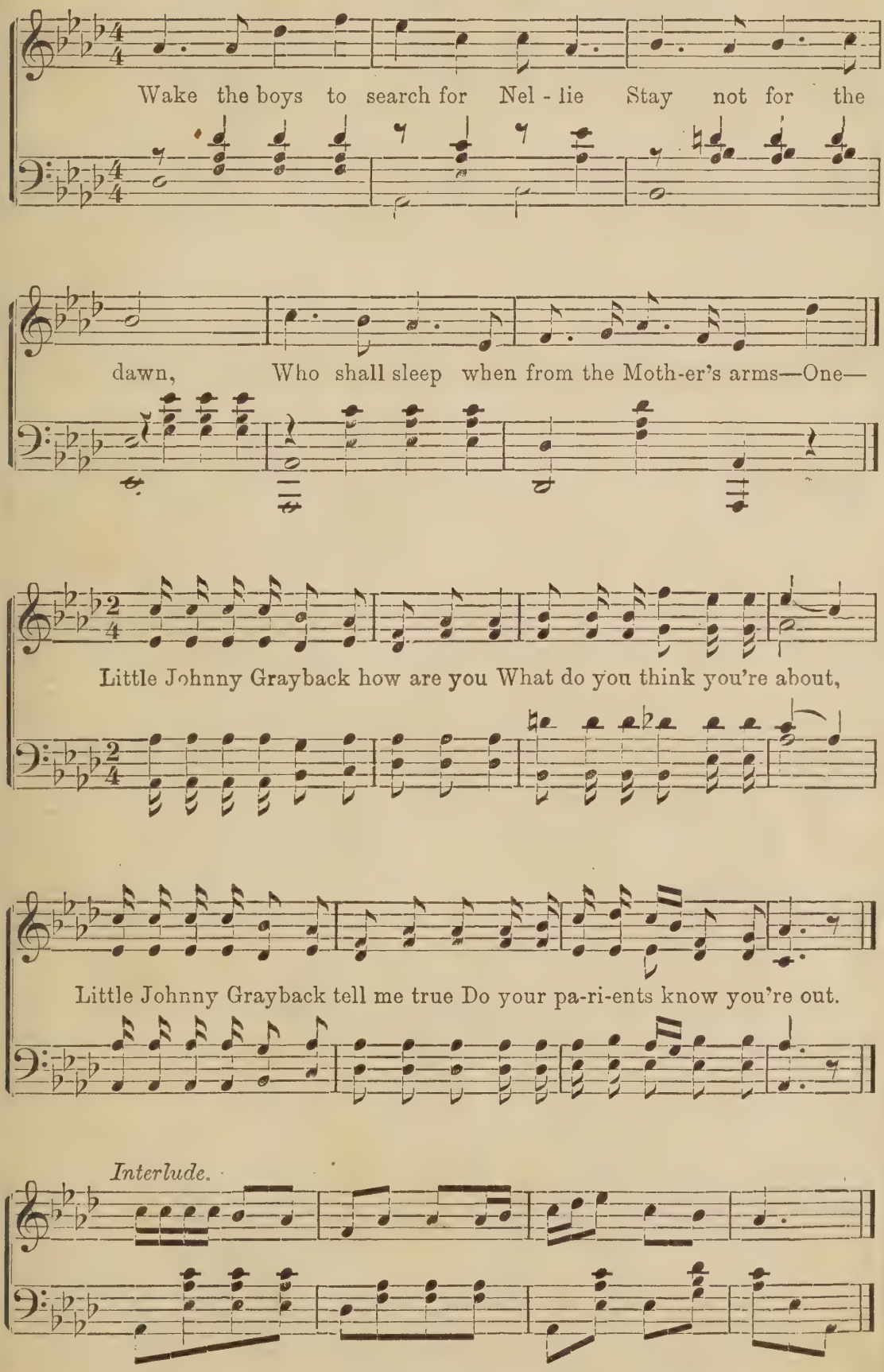
Good Bye Jeff! I told you so be-fore There's a

good time com-ing it's al-most here It was long, long, long, on the

way— Now run and tell E-li-jah to hur-ry up Pomp and

meet us at the Gum-Tree down in the swamp— To—

GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.—Continued.



GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.—Continued.

Tis sweet to be re - mem-bered..... by

CHORUS.

John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies

mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave, But his

soul is— Marching through Georgia, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we

bring the Ju - bi - lee Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!

GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.—Continued.

So we sang the chorus from At - lan-ta to the sea While we were

Sleighing with the girls, A sleighing with the girls, Tis nothing else but pleasure

SOLO.

For he kissed me when he left me, And his part-ing words re

main Treasured deep with-in this bo - som Dearest We will

CHORUS.

march - ing,

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing on, O

GRAND VOCAL MEDLEY.—Concluded.

Cheer up comrades they will come,

cheer up com - rades they will come, And be-

neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the

free-land in our own be-lov-ed Yan-kee Doo-dle, Doo-dle, Doo,

Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy, Yan - kee Doo - dle,

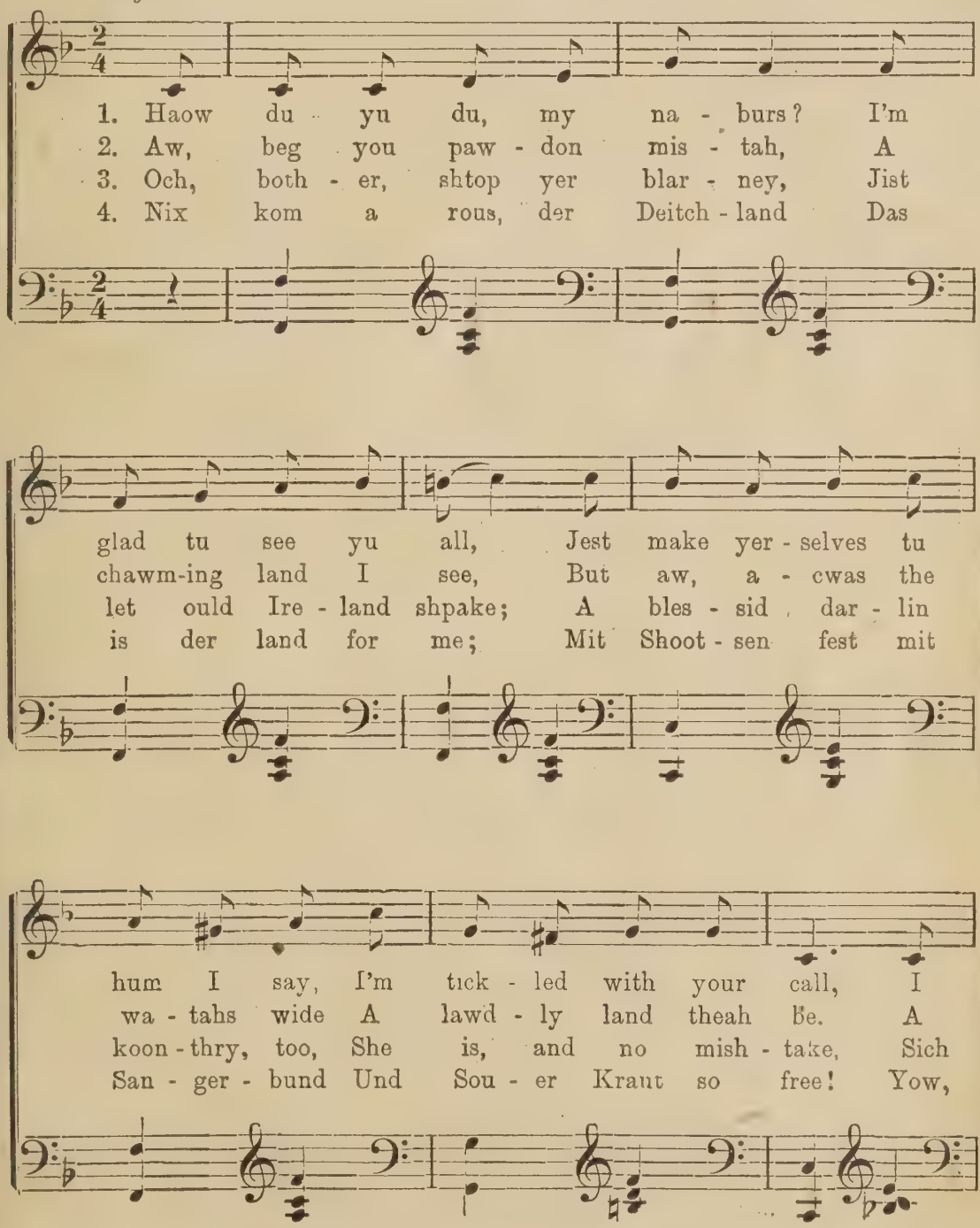
Ha! Ha! Ha! Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy.

JOLLY JONATHAN.

Explantion.—Four Singers, Yankee, Englishman, Irishman and Dutchman, sing the verses in succession. After second verse Yankee and Englishman sing the Chorus each singing his own Country. After third verse, Irishman joins in the chorus with them, and after fourth verse all sing Chorus, each his own Country. First ff. second pp. then, without accompaniment simply move the lips as if singing, but without making any sound, except at the words "Hoorar," &c. which are to be sung ff.

P. P. BLISS.

For prelude and interludes play strains of "Yankee Doodle" "St Patrick's Day." &c.



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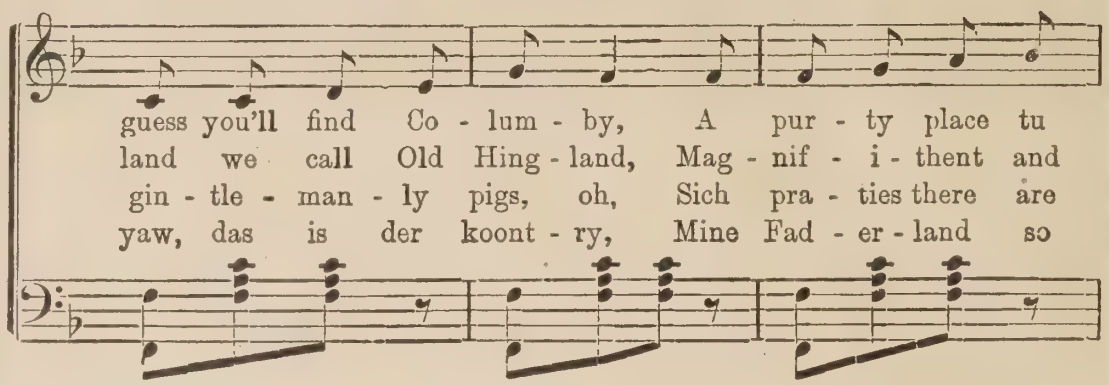
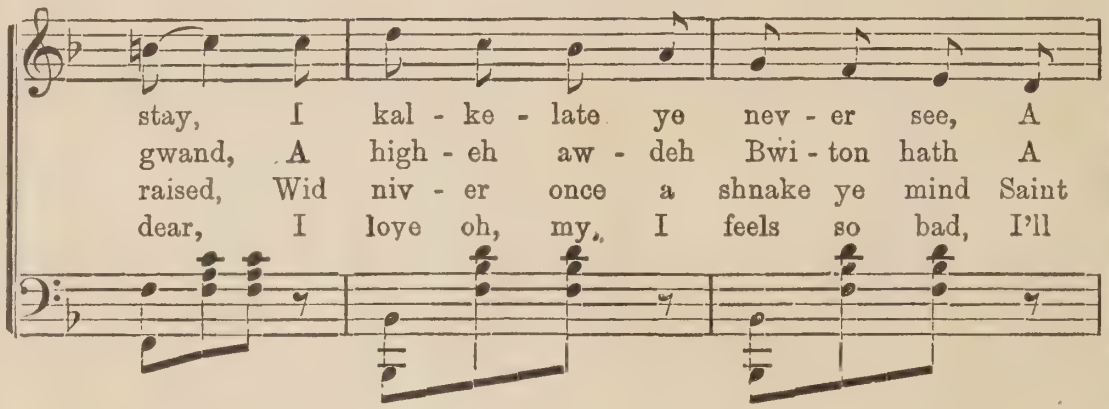
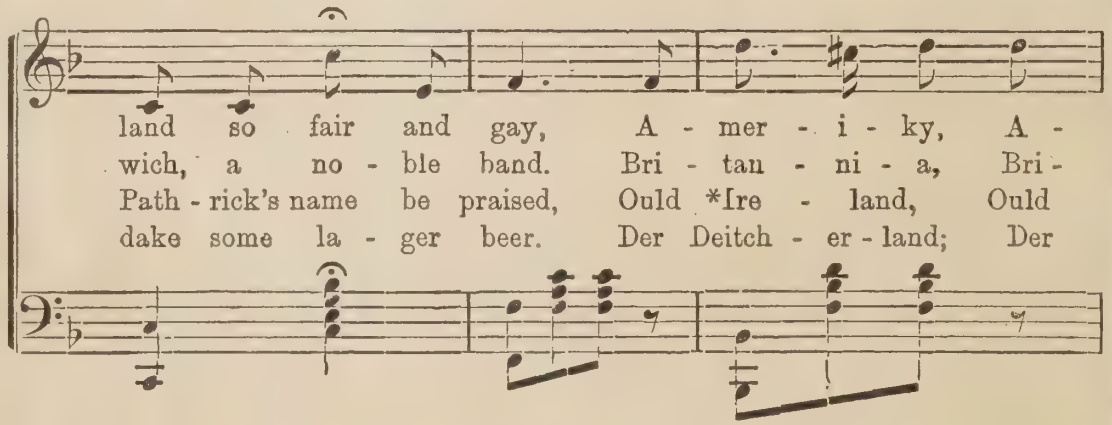
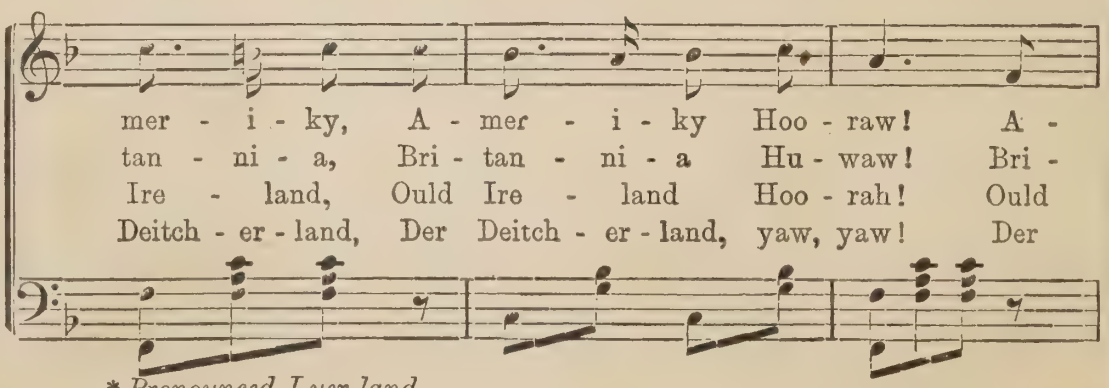
JOLLY JONATHAN.—Continued.



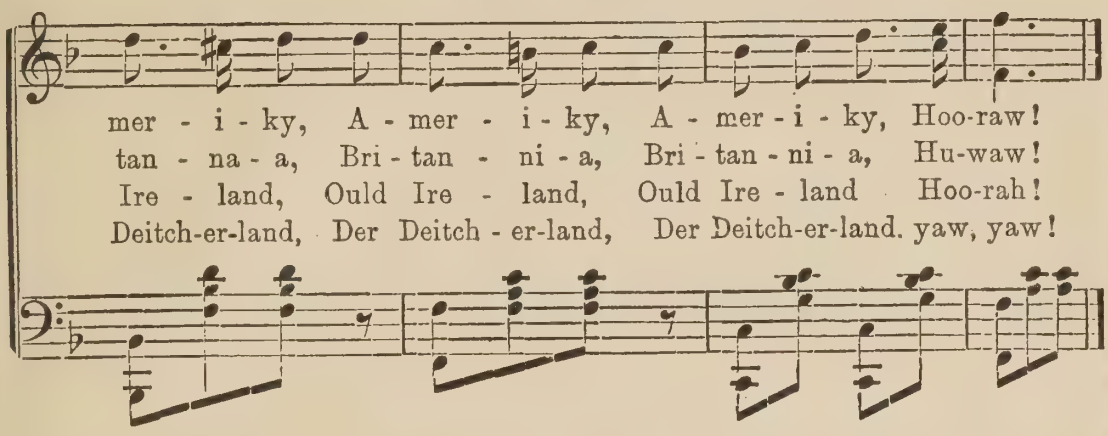




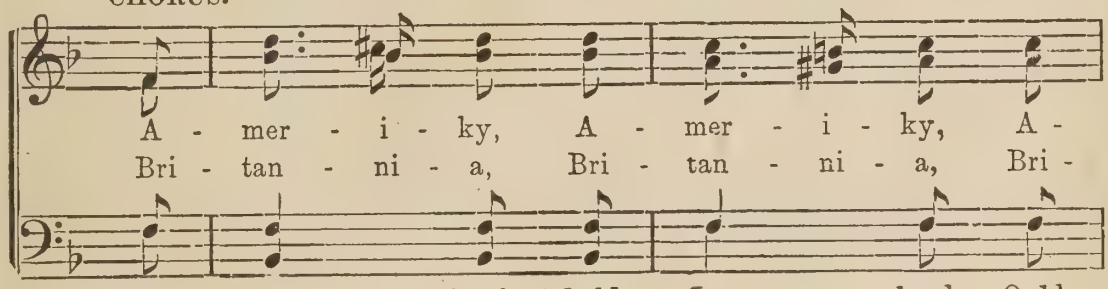


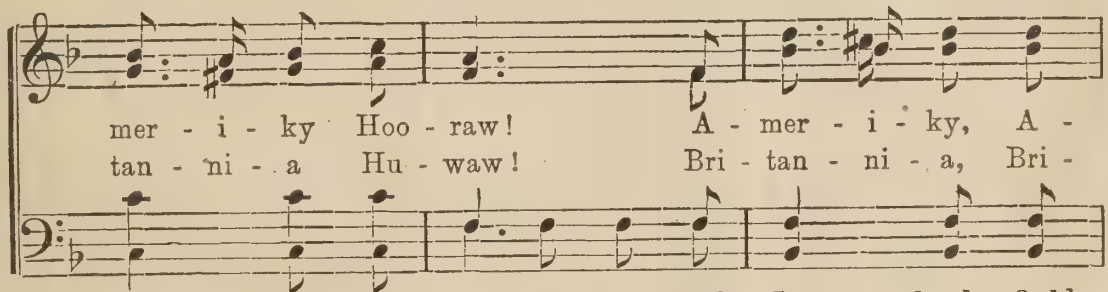
* *Pronounced I-yer-land.*

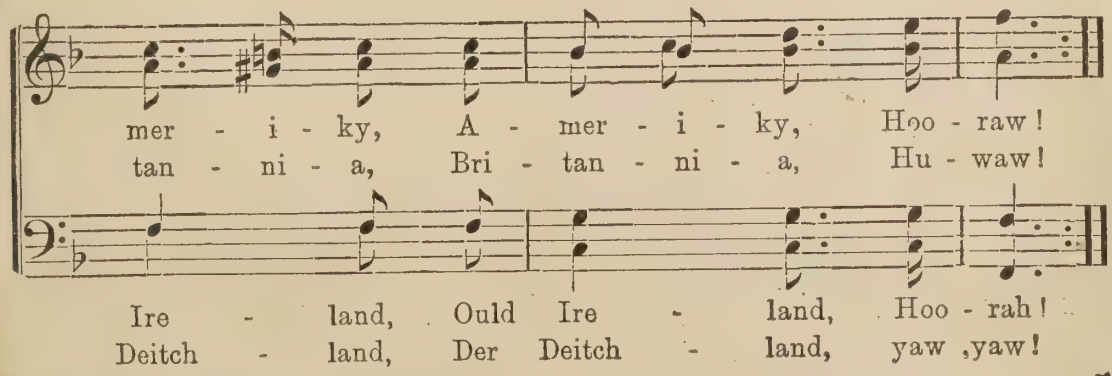
JOLLY JONATHAN.—Concluded.



CHORUS.







LOVING LITTLE LOU.

P. P. BLISS.

1. With a bright win-ning smile I re-mem - ber, And a glance of her witching eye so blue, Like a soft sun - ny day in De- cem-ber, To my life came my lov-ing lit - tle Lou. And the dim fu-ture way seemed to brighten, And life's daily duties dearer, dearer

2. Soft - ly down on a calm sum - mer ev - en, Shone the stars from the dis-tant dome of blue; But a light brighter far had been giv-en To the eye of my lov-ing lit - tle Lou, As I told her the old sim-ple sto - ry, To my heart her form I nearer nearer,

3. Man - y years, hap - py years have de-part - ed, Man - y friends, faithful friends are lost to view; But can I ev - er bow brok-en hearted, While I'm blest with my lov-ing lit - tle Lou. No, the dream of the past stealing o'er me, Gives the present all the fairer, fairer

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1871 by Root & Cady in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

LOVING LITTLE LOU.—Concluded.

grew, And my lone wea - ry heart seemed to light-en, At the
drew; Just a tear and a smile bright with glo- ry, Then I
hue, While the bright fu - ture smiles aye be-fore me, With the

thought of my lov - ing lit - tle Lou.
called her my dar - ling lit - tle Lou.
life of my lov - ing lit - tle Lou.

CHORUS.

And to day with my dar-ling here be-side me, With her
And to day with my dar-ling here be-side me With her

loving heart so noble, kind and true, I can battle with the sorrows that be-
loving heart so noble, kind and true, I can battle with the sorrows the

tide me, For the sake of my lov-ing lit - tle Lou.
sor-rows, that be-tide me, For the sake of my lov-ing lit - tle Lou.

BESSIE LEE,

OR

The Highland Lassie.

Words by Rev. R. LOWRIE. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Ye sun - ny banks and bon-nie braes, Hae mo - nie a dais - y fair; But fair - est o' them a' is she, The bon - nie lass o' Ayr. The soar - ing lave-rock's ear - ly note, A - mong the braes sae free, Has na the mu - sic, like the song Of bon-nie Bes - sie Lee.

2. My Bes - sie has sich sau - cy curls, And li - ly band sae wee; And dan-ger's in the il - ka glance, Of bon - nie Bes - sie Lee. For a' the treas - ure Prin - ces hae, I wad na', wad na' gie, The dai - sy o' the High-land, O, My bon-nie Bes - sie Lee.

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1871 by Root & Cady in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. John Chi - na - man, Dear Sir: Since your
2. John Chi - na - man, Es - quire Though we
3. John Chi - na - man, they say you have

making such a stir In the waves that wash along our western strand; Stop the
real-ly dont admire All the O - ri - en - tal notions you may bring; We have
loitered by the way, While the nations of the world were marching on, So we're

jin - gle of your gong, While we sing our greet-ing song, As you
room enough for you, And we've work enough to do, And our
wait-ing now to see, What a "Forward march" there'll be In the

gaze up - on our broad and hap - py land.
na - tion's song of wel - come now we sing.
fu - ture of our dis - tant neigh - bor, John.

CHORUS.

Ho! John Chi - na - man, Now, John Chi - na - man,

Leap o'er the crumbling wall, Bring along your tea, For
John Chi-naman,

don't you see We've room e - nough to wel - come all!

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